The Arkham Sampler

AUTUMN, 1949

HOLIDAY
by Ray Bradbury

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH
by H. Russell Wakefield

SIDNEY SIME OF WORPLESDON
by Martin Gardner

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THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

by H. Russell Wakefield

"Amelia," said Miss Prunella Pendleham, "I have received a most impertinent letter this morning."

"Yes, Miss Pendleham?"

"It is from some Society, and it has the insolence to suggest that this house is haunted by ghosts. Now you know that to be false, utterly false."

"Yes, Miss Pendleham," said Amelia listlessly.

"Do I detect a hesitant note in your tone? You mean what you say, I trust?"

"Oh yes, Miss Pendleham."

"Very well. Now this Society actually wished to send down an investigator to examine and report on the house. I have replied that if any such person enters the grounds, he will be prosecuted for trespass. Here is my letter. Take it and post it at once."

"Very well, Miss Pendleham."

"You always seem so glad to get out of the house, Amelia! I wonder why. Now make haste there and back."

A little later Miss Amelia Lornon was hurrying down the drive of Carthwaite Place. But as soon as she knew she was out of eye-shot from its upper windows, she slackened her pace. This she did for two reasons; she was feeling terribly frail and ill that morning, and to be out of that house, even for half an hour, meant a most blessed relief from that anguish which is great fear.

To reach the post-office of the little hamlet she had to pass the Rectory. Mrs. Redvale, the Rector's wife, was glancing out of the drawing-room window at the time.

"There's Amelia," she said to her husband. "I've never seen her looking so ill. Poor creature! It's time you did something about her, Claud, in my opinion."

She was a handsome and determined-looking woman, quite obviously "wearing the trousers", and her voice was sharply authoritative.

"What can I do, my dear?" replied the Rector with the plaintive testiness of the conscience-moved weakling.

"You can and must do *something*. You can listen to me for

one thing. I've been meaning to have this out with you for some time; ever since I realized what was going on. That sight of her convinces me it must be now, at once. If she dies without our having done a hand's turn to save her, I shall never know a minute's peace again; and I don't think you will either. Come quickly! Here she is going back."

The Rector reluctantly went to the window. What he saw brought a look of genuine distress to his kindly, diffident face. "Yes," he sighed, "I can see what you mean only too well."

"Now sit down," ordered his spouse. "I know we're in a difficult position; Miss Pendleham puts two pounds in the plate every Sunday, which is an enormous help to us. 'There are my servants' wages,' she seems to say, as she does it. But she is a very evil old woman; how evil, I don't think either of us fully realises."

"Yet she *does* come to church," protested the Rector.

"Yes, she comes to church," replied his wife sardonically, "and like a great many other people for a quite ulterior motive; she wants to keep *us quiet*, and she bribes us to do so—don't argue—I know I'm right! Now we've been here only six months, but we've learnt quite a lot in that time. We've learnt that the Pendleham family have always shown a vicious, inherited streak; drunkards, ruthless womanisers, and worse, even criminals—and just occasionally a brilliant exception. This old woman is the last of the line, and it'll be a very good thing when the horrid brood is extinct, in my opinion."

"Of course," said the Rector, "we have to trust Miles's opinion for all this, *really*. And we know he's utterly biased against her; he won't even speak to her."

"He's been Churchwarden here for forty years; so he ought to know," replied Mrs. Redvale. "Besides, he loses financially by his attitude—she never buys a thing at his shop. He strikes me as a perfectly honest and sincere old man. Don't you think so?"

"I must say I do."

"Well then, what's his story? That she was crossed in love when very young, some other woman, as she believes, stealing her man away. So she made up her mind to have revenge on her sex in her own stealthy, devilish way. He thinks her mind was permanently tainted at that time; that she is actually, if not technically, insane."

"It all sounds so melodramatic!" murmured the Rector.

"Melodramatic doesn't mean impossible," answered his wife sharply; "there's plenty of *real* melodrama in the world. Now Miles says she has had five companions since she marooned herself in that house thirty-five years ago. Three have died there and two escaped quickly, declaring Miss Pendleham was a devil and the house hell. And now there's the sixth, Amelia; and she's dying, too."

"Dying of what?" asked the Rector.

"Of terror, if nothing else!"

"She could leave like those other two."

"That's so easy to say! You might say it of a rabbit in a stoat's snare. When you're sufficiently frightened you can neither run nor struggle. And she's in a hopelessly weak position; ageing, penniless, naturally will-less and pliant. She'd never summon up courage to escape on her own."

"But she seems, in a way, to like Miss Pendleham's company!"

"Simply because she dreads being alone in that *foul* house. Now you know it's haunted, Claud."

"My dear Clara, you put me in a most difficut position, because, as you know, I agreed with Miss Pendleham, there were no such entities as ghosts."

"Don't be a humbug, Claud! You said that only out of politeness and a desire to please. You knew it was a lie when you said it."

"My dear!"

"No cant! You remember when we first went there what was looking out of the window on the first floor?"

"There seemed to be something for a moment."

"Was it a small boy with his face covered with blood?"

"I got such a fleeting glimpse, my dear."

"Was it Miss Pendleham or Amelia?"

"No, I suppose not."

"They are the only people living in the house. And I told you what I saw when I went to powder my nose. I can see it now! Do you believe me?"

"I've never known you to tell a *pointless* lie. Yet a bush sometimes closely resembles a bear."

"But a little dead girl doesn't resemble a bush! And you heard that scream?"

"I thought I heard something—a curious cry—it might have been a bird."

"A bird! How would you like to live in that house with that sort of thing! You'd even—like Amelia—prefer Miss Pendleham's company to *Theirs*. It often makes me feel physically sick to think of her there. If we don't do something to save that poor woman, I shall be plagued by remorse till I die!"

"Do me the justice, Clara, to believe that is becoming true of me, also."

"I wonder if you realise it as I do! I'm sensitive to places like that, and always have been. The very motes in the sunbeams there seem to make beastly patterns. I don't wonder Amelia is dying by inches, has been dying for years. She told me, that when *They* are around her, the kettle will not boil. In other words, her brain is going as her body gives up the struggle!"

"Well, what can I do?" exclaimed the Rector. "Tell me Clara! You are wiser than I in the affairs of this world, if I know more about the Next."

"And if there is such a place!" rapped Clara.

The Rector sighed. "I'm deeply grieved you're such a skeptic, Clara."

"Nonsense! Every parson should have an agnostic wife; it keeps his mind alive. Well, we'll both think it over today and discuss it again tomorrow morning. I *mean* tomorrow. My mind is made up. As for that two pounds a week, could you go on taking it if Amelia died? Tomorrow at ten o'clock!"

"You were a long time, Amelia," said Miss Pendleham.

"I was as quick as I could be, Miss Pendleham, but my heart was palpitating so."

"Nonsense! You're perfectly well. Don't imagine things, Amelia!"

Miss Pendleham was one of those apparently timeless spinsters, so liesurely does the process of decay take its way with them. She was very tall and cylindrical in shape, an almost epicene, sexless body. She was invariably dressed in an iridescent grey garment of antique cut and rustling train. About her face, her nose in particular, the Rector had made one of his rare jests, by adapting to it a Max Beerbohm pleasantry, "Hints of the Iron Duke at most angles;" and, indeed, that ungainly, craggy feature dominated the rest. Her mouth was small, thin-lipped, dry. Her eyes were quite round—monkey's eyes—and an odd brimstone-yellow, a family stigma. Her hair was a dense

grey mass. The face was a mask, as though modelled in wax from a corpse, quite colourless. Her age might have been anything from fifty-five to seventy.

Amelia was about forty-eight. Once upon a time she might have been a bonnie girl, for her features were well enough, but it required a sympathetic and perceptive eye so to scan and reconstruct the past. There are parasites which slowly devour and drain their hosts from within, till nothing is left but a thin, transparent envelope. A puff of wind and it disintegrates. Amelia might have been long entertaining some such greedy guest. Pounds under weight, gaunt and stooping, listless and lifeless of hair and eye, like a prisoner at long last delivered from a dungeon where she had lain neglected and forgotten. Death had his hand on her shoulder and was fast tightening his grip, but to give her her due it had taken nine hard years to bring her to this pass.

"I'll go and cook the luncheon," she said.

"Yes; what is there?"

"Chops."

"I'll have three. Are you hungry?"

"No, Miss Pendleham."

"Then cook four, and let mine be red right through."

Carthwaite Place rose on the northern slopes above Lake Windermere. It was unmistakeably Elizabethan: a huge sombre pile of brick with a multitude of mullioned, transomed windows and a flat roof. It had thirty-five bedrooms and one bathroom. It required many thousands spent on it to make it habitable, but that money would never be found; and it was very slowly breaking up and passing. The grounds surrounding it had gone back to a wild, disorderly nature. Miss Pendleham never left it, save to attend Matins on Sunday morning. Its one trace of modernity was a telephone, used for ordering her frugal wants from the market town six miles away.

Amelia dragged herself to the great stone vaulted kitchen and raked up the fire. She had begun to tremble again, and never did she glance behind her. Once she paused as though listening, her face revealing the greatest anxiety. Several times her mouth moved as though she were muttering something, but no sound came.

Presently she finished cooking and took the results to the dining-room where Miss Pendleham was already seated. The meal was eaten in dead silence and very quickly, for Miss Pendleham always attacked her food like a starving panther.

On the wall facing Amelia was a tattered seventeenth century tapestry. It depicted a company of knights and ladies riding in pairs along a sinister serpentine path. On the left of the path were three rotting corpses in open coffins. The air above them was thronged with vile flying things. Amelia's eyes always flickered around the room trying not to see it. Miss Pendleham watched her covertly. At the end of the meal she said what she always said, "Wash up quickly and come and read to me."

"Very good, Miss Pendleham."

When she got back to the drawing-room, Miss Pendleham handed her a book. It was a translation of the Abbe Boissard's life of Gilles de Rais, realistically illustrated. Amelia had already read it out endless times before. She read well, though the details of that abattoir ritual came oddly from her precise and virginal voice.

Presently Miss Pendleham stopped her. "Something very similar," she said in her high, metallic tone, "is known to have been done here by an ancestor of my own. He killed by torture a number of children, chiefly young girls, and employed their bodies for some such curious ceremonies. It is owing to that, possibly, that the house has acquired its quite *false* repute of being a haunted place. Perhaps I have told you that before?"

"Yes, Miss Pendleham," replied Amelia mechanically.

"I'm going to doze now. Wake me at five with the tea. Sit here till it is time to prepare it."

This was an ordeal Amelia detested, but had long accepted as part of her daily calvary. Was Miss Pendleham asleep, or was she slyly watching her? Were her eyes quite closed?

It was a soaking afternoon, the small dense mountain rain streaming down the windows. There was just that steady rain-purr and the slow beat of the grandfather's clock to break the silence. Miss Pendleham never stirred nor did her breathing change. Slowly the light faded, and Amelia began to ache with stiffness and immobility. Suddenly there came from somewhere in the house a thin high cry of pain. Amelia's eyes went wild and she put her hand to her throat. Miss Pendleton opened her eyes wide and slowly leaned forward, staring at her. "What's the matter, Amelia?" she said slowly.

"Nothing, Miss Pendleham," gulped Amelia, "I'll go and get the tea."

Miss Pendleham glanced after her bowed back. For a moment the mask was raised and she smiled. But the smile merely con-

torted the lower part of her face, her yellow eyes took no share in it. There came again that remote, agonizing wail. The half-smile vanished, the yellow eyes flickered, the mask came down again.

After tea she played *Patience* and Amelia was left to her own devices till it was time to cook the supper. Anyone watching Miss Pendleham playing *Patience,* which is a stark test of virtue, would have decided, that if he ever did business with her, he'd have kept a sharp lawyer at his elbow, for she always cheated when necessary, but never more than necessary.

Anyone who had watched Amelia presently preparing the supper by the light of two candles would have gleaned some understanding of the phrase "mental torture". Those candles threw strange shadows on the bare walls and arched roof. That observer might have caught himself imitating Amelia, glancing up fearfully and furtively at those crowding, multi-formed shades, and learned her trick of flinching when she did so. Was that a small body lying prone and a tall figure with its hands to the small one's throat? And did that figure move? Just the flicker of the candle, of course. And yet that observer might well have wished himself away, but would he have had the heart to leave Amelia down there alone?

Supper was again a quite silent meal. Miss Pendleham scraped her well-piled plates tiger-clean. Amelia left half her sparse portions.

After supper Miss Pendleham said, "Fetch my wrap from my bedroom, Amelia; I forgot to bring it down." She said that almost every evening, perhaps because she knew how Amelia dreaded going up those dark stairs, ever since she had that fright four years ago.

Amelia fetched it, washed up, and returned again to the drawing-room. "Now," said Miss Pendleham, "you can read to me for an hour. Get those stories by James."

"Well, Claud," said Clara next morning, "have you been thinking it over?"

"Yes, my dear, but I can't see my way clear, I'm afraid. We say she tortures these women. But *how* does she torture them? She gives them board and lodging, pays them something, I suppose, a pittance, no doubt, but something. She is superficially kind to them. She does not—could not legally

compel them to stay. Who would call that torture, save ourselves?"

"And Mr. Miles!"

"And Mr. Miles, if you like. Suppose I did tackle her. If she didn't at once show me the door, she'd probably call in Amelia and ask her if she had anything to complain about. 'No, Miss Pendleham,' she'd certainly reply; and what sort of fool should I look!"

Mrs. Redvale, like most women in the grip of logic, raised her voice. "You've got to be firm, Claud, and not be fooled by that sort of thing. You must take the offensive. She can neither sack you nor eat you. Tell her straight that you are certain Amelia is dying and must have immediate attention. Remind her three of her companions have already died in the house, and, if there's a fourth, some very awkward questions are bound to be asked. There *is* Amelia again! I'll get her in."

She hurried from the room and out into the street.

"How are you, Miss Lornon?" she asked kindly.

"All right, thank you, Mrs. Redvale."

"You don't look it! Come in a moment."

"Oh, I can't! Miss Pendleham told me to hurry back with the stamps."

"Never mind; it's only for a minute."

Amelia hesitated and then reluctantly followed her in.

The Rector scanned her closely as he greeted her.

Mrs. Redvale now assumed her most forcible manner.

"Miss Lornon, you're in a very bad state, aren't you? Don't be afraid to tell me; it will go no further."

Amelia began to cry in the most passive, hopeless way. "I suppose so," she murmured.

"That house is killing you, isn't it?"

"Oh, I can stand it, Mrs. Redvale."

"No, you can't! Have a good cry. You've *got* to get away from it!"

"I can't! Miss Pendleham would never let me go."

"She'll have to! Look here, Amelia—I'm going to call you that—we're determined to help you. In the meantime, remember nothing there can hurt you. They can frighten, they can't *hurt.*"

"They can!" she sobbed. "They keep me awake nearly all night. In the summer it's not so bad, because they go away at dawn, but in the long nights it's terrible. I must go now."

"You won't have to stand it much longer! Bear up until we can do something."

"There's nothing to be done, thank you kindly, Mrs. Redvale. Oh, I mustn't say any more. Miss Pendleham would be so cross if she knew I was talking like this!"

"Nonsense! Your health comes before everything!"

But Amelia had hurried from the room.

"You see!" exclaimed Clara. "I could strangle that she-devil with my bare hands!"

"There's one thing I've never been sure about," said the Rector, "does Miss Pendleham realise there's something the matter with the house? If not, the force of the charge against her is greatly weakened."

"Of course she does!"

"How can you be so sure?"

"I watched her when we heard that ghastly cry. She heard it, too, her demeanour showed it. But it doesn't worry her, she welcomes it as an instrument of that torture. She makes Amelia think, 'I must be going mad if I see and hear things that aren't there.' Can't you see what I mean? Her mind is diseased like that of her foul forbears. Those things are echoes of evil and she is utterly evil too. Did the 'first murderer' frighten the other two? Of course not!"

"Clara, that is a fearful thing to say!"

"You've just seen that wretched woman, haven't you! Look here, Claud, if you don't do something about it I'll lose all respect for you! This is the test of your Christianity and courage. *I'm* an infidel, but I'd do it myself if I thought she'd take any notice of me, but she wouldn't for she hates and despises all women. But you are her spiritual adviser."

"There's no need to be sarcastic, my dear."

"There's need to be something to goad you to action! Will you, Claud?"

"Oh, I suppose so," sighed the Rector, "but I wish I could consult the Bishop first."

"You'd get nothing but vague boomings. Is your courage at the sticking-point?"

"Yes, I'll do it."

"Then go straight to the phone!"

He left the room and returned after a few moments. "She will see me at half-past nine tonight," he said.

"Did you tell her what you wanted to see her about?"

"I just said something of importance."

"And you were under-stating—it's a matter of life and death, and we both know it!"

"Have you been crying, Amelia?"

"Oh no, Miss Pendleham, the cold wind caught my eyes."

"It doesn't seem cold to me. Give me the book of stamps and get luncheon ready."

During the meal Miss Pendleham said, "You see that tapestry, Amelia?"

"Yes, Miss Pendleham."

"You're not looking at it!"

Amelia glanced flinchingly up. She noticed that as each cavalier and his paramour reached the three open coffins, their smiles and lascivious glances changed to looks of loathing and horror. Because, she thought, they are young and happy and haven't learned to long for rest.

"It's called *The Triumph of Death,*" said Miss Pendleham.

"Yes, so you've told me."

"That reminds me of something. Have you finished?"

"Yes, Miss Pendleham."

Miss Pendleham led the way into the drawing-room. "Today," she said, "is the anniversary of the death of Miss Davis. She was my companion before you came. She was a foolish, fanciful girl in some ways. Have I told you about her before?"

"Only a little, Miss Pendleham."

"Yes, she was fanciful. She used to fancy she heard and saw strange things in the house and that shows her mind was tainted, does it not?"

"Yes, Miss Pendleham."

"I mean, if the house were haunted, we should both of us see and hear such strange things, should we not?"

"Yes, Miss Pendleham."

"Which we never do?"

"No, Miss Pendleham."

"Of course not. Well, I should, perhaps, have dismissed Miss Davis earlier but I did not like to. Have I told you how she died?"

"No, Miss Pendleham."

"I thought not. I had noticed she was getting thinner, and stranger in her manner, and she told me her sleep was disordered. I should have been warned when she came running to

my room one day saying she had seen a child butchered in the kitchen—and she had other hallucinations which revealed her mind was in an abnormal state. One evening I sent her up to fetch my wrap, just as I sometimes send you, and, as she did not reappear, I went in search of her. I found her lying dead in the powder-closet of my room. The doctor said she had died of a heart-attack and asked me if she could have had a fright of some kind. I said not to my knowledge. I think she must have supposed she had seen something displeasing. Look behind you, Amelia!"

Amelia started from her chair with a cry.

"What is the matter with you!" said Miss Pendleham severely. "I merely wanted to draw your attention to the fact that the antimacassar was slipping from your chair. I hope *your* nerves are not giving way. Didn't you imagine you had a fright of some kind a month ago?"

"It was nothing, Miss Pendleham."

"You screamed loudly enough. Bear Miss Davis in mind. Becoming *fanciful* is often the first symptom of brain disease, so the doctor told me; *hearing* things, *seeing* things when there is nothing to see or hear. Now you can read to me."

And this Amelia did; Miss Pendleham presently telling her to stop and *seeming* to doze off, while the windows rattled disconcertingly and, as the light faded and the fire shook out its last flame and sank to its death-glow, something white seemed to dart across the Musicians' Gallery and something follow it as though in pursuit, and there came that thin wail of pain. Amelia went rigid with terror.

"What's the matter, Amelia?" said Miss Pendleham, leaning forward in her chair.

"Nothing, Miss Pendleham. I'll make up the fire and then get tea."

While she was cooking the dinner that night she was thinking over what Miss Pendleham had said about Miss Davis. She had died of what was killing her, of course. She would die soon, now, very soon. She knew it, and then Miss Pendleham would get someone else, and one day that someone would die, too, for the same reason—unless—. Suddenly she paused in her work. What was that! Someone was crying in the servants' hall! That was something she'd never heard before. Her heart hammered in her throat, stopped horribily long, then raced away again. A piercing pain ran through her. Who was that

crying! She must be brave. It might be someone *real* and not one of Them! She took a candle and tip-toed along the passage of the hall, a bare, desolate place reeking of dirt and vermin, which Amelia dreaded and seldom entered. There was no one there, but the sound of sobbing was louder. "Oh, God," moaned a voice, "I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" Then came a laugh, a sly sinister chuckle and the wailing voice rose to a scream. "Oh God, I cannot bear it!"

As Amelia went back to the kitchen her face twitched violently and uncontrollably. Was that *real* or not? Was it just a sound in her head as Miss Pendleham said it must be; just a *fancy*? If so, she was going mad like Miss Davis. What happened to mad people in that Other World? Were they mad *there*, too, and forever? That didn't bear thinking about. She must die before that happened. She *was* dying; she knew that by the terrible pains in her heart. What would happen when she was dead? Miss Davis had died; she'd just heard her crying. No, that was just a sound in her head. Her face contorted again in the fearful effort to concentrate, to get it *straight* and clear in her mind. Well, she would die, like Miss Davis, and then Miss Pendleham would get someone else to look after her and it would all happen again with the new girl. No, it mustn't. It would not be right. Miss Pendleham was very kind, but she didn't understand about the house. It was all very curious and difficult, but it must not happen again. There was Miss Davis still crying, still crying in her head. But it would happen again unless—unless she was brave. If Miss Pendleham realised what sort of things happened to Miss Davis and her and what they saw and heard, she wouldn't let it happen, of course, but she didn't and so—. Did she hate Miss Pendleham? Of course not; why should she? Again St. Vitus racked her face. But it wouldn't happen again. There was the man and the little girl! She flung up her hands to her ears. A red veil was drawn down before her eyes. She shook her hands from the wrist and stretched and curved her fingers. The expression on her face became at once hard and vacant, like that of a beast at bay. She retained that curious inhuman expression, and Miss Pendleham noticed it when she brought up the meal. It disturbed her and her own eyes went weazel-hard. Presently she said, "Eat your dinner, Amelia; what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Miss Pendleham. I'm not very hungry."

"Eat your food! By the way, you haven't been talking to the Rector or his wife, have you?"

"I just said good-morning to Mrs. Redvale."

"Are you sure that was all?"

"Yes, Miss Pendleham."

And then there was silence for a time till Miss Pendleham rose and remarked, "You can read to me for a while," and Amelia read out a tale about some bedclothes forming into a figure and frightening an old man in the other bed.

"What did you think of that, Amelia?" asked Miss Pendleham.

"Very nice, Miss Pendleham."

"Nice! I don't believe you are paying attention. You read very badly again!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Pendleham. The old man was mad, wasn't he, Miss Pendleham? Like Miss Davis and *me*?"

Miss Pendleham stared at her. "Get my wrap!" she said brutally.

Amelia got up slowly and went through the door leading to the stairs. As she started to climb them she crossed herself and stretched and curved her fingers. A fearful twitch convulsed her face.

Miss Pendleham went to the front door, opened it and left it ajar and went back to the drawing-room. Then, as the minutes passed, she cocked her head as though listening. There came that high torture-wail, and she straightened her head abruptly. The clock ticked, the windows throbbed and hammered in the gale. Presently she got up and went to the foot of the stairs. "Amelia!" she called, her voice cracking oddly. There was no reply. She smiled and ran her thick tongue along her lips. She went up a few stairs and called again; then fetched a lighted candle from the drawing-room and ascended to the first landing. "Amelia!" she called. A sudden fierce gust of wind spurted down the passage and blew out the candle, leaving her in pitch darkness. She began to grope her way down the corridor, her fingers sliding along the wall. They came to a gap and she turned in to the left, moving forward till her thighs met a bed. "Amelia!" she called, and the echo was hurled hard back at her. She moved across the room, her hands groping out before her, till they found another gap—the powder-closet. This was crammed with her ancient and discarded clothes and stank of stale scent, sweat and decay. She touched a hanging frock and

then another, her hands moving along. And then her right hand met something and she drew in her breath with a quickness. The next second she was twisting and writhing and from her lips came a choked scream. As she was ruthlessly drawn in among the reeking stuffs, swinging wildly on their hooks, she struck out blindly with her clenched fists again and again. At last she leaned forward, buckling at the knees, her arms fell quivering to her sides, there was a long vile rattle from her throat, and she was still.

"It's a quarter past nine;" said Clara, "time you were off. You'd better have a drink before you go; it will help you to be firm, and you've got to be very firm." She poured out a stiff whiskey which the Rector gulped down. Then he picked up his hat and coat and set out.

It had stopped raining, but it was still blowing a full gale and he had to fight his way against it. So soon as he entered the drive through the battered gates screeching on their hinges, he felt his nerves a-tingle. "As one who on a lonely road doth walk in fear and dread." The old lines leaped to his memory. He glanced fearfully up at the over-hanging boughs. Was that a footstep close behind him! He broke into a run. To his surprise he found the front door half-open and went in. He saw a light in the drawing-room, entered and found it empty. He waited a few moments and then called timorously out, "I'm here, Miss Pendleham!" Before the echo of his voice died away there came a long choked scream. "Good God, what was that!" he muttered, and sweat broke out on him. "It came from above. I must go up!"

He glanced distractedly around, picked up a candle-stick, lit the candle, and opened the door to the stairs with a quivering hand. As he hurried up the first flight, it seemed to him there was something astir in the house and that the shadows on the wall came from a company of persons following him up, and that others were awaiting him on the landing. He trembled and his breath came fast.

"Miss Pendleham!" he quavered. No sound. He lurched down the corridor till he came to an open door, through which he passed into a huge room. He raised the candle-stick and peered fearfully about him. Ah, there was another door—open—and there was Miss Pendleham.

"Here I am, Miss Pendleham!" he said. What was she doing? He could only see her body from the waist down, the

rest was buried in some clothes. He tiptoed into the closet and gingerly pulled the clothes aside. And then he sprang back with a clipped cry, for he was gazing into the battered, dead face of Amelia Lornon. She was leaning back against the wall, and she had drawn Miss Pendleham's head down on her breast. Her hands clutched her neck so fiercely and the nails were driven in so deep, that the blood was seeping down over her lace collar. The last shred of self-control left him. The candle-stick fell from his mind, and he ran blunderingly from the room and down the stairs. The air seemed full of screams and laughter, something death-cold was pressed against his face, leaping figures ran beside him, till at last he staggered whimpering out into the night.

CALENTURE

by Clark Ashton Smith

Rathe summer had sered the grass in which he lay
Under the little shade
The live-oak made,
While things remembered and foregone,
Loves from the drouth of other summers drawn
Like rootless windlestrae,
Went past him on
The hot and lucid flowing of the day.
The wine-flask at his side
Shone empty: he had spilled
The last drops for oblation on the dried
Pale rootlets dead with May
Of the small-seeded oats no man had tilled.
He thought: their death is clean,
This tawny change that overtakes the green
And makes unnumbered fragile skeletons,
Yet yields no mortal fetor to the suns.
Their death is clean . . . but ours
Is not the death of grasses and of flowers.

He thought: they die and live and die again
With little travail, none or little pain:
But love, though brief as these,
With endless agonies
Of bitter and reluctant breath,

Accepts, refuses, and receives its death . . .
And here it was,
On grass that bore the seed of the same grass
On which I now recline,
That my mouth drank the wine
Of dregless love and beauty from the cup
Of the pagan flesh in fulness offered up.
To him that keeps, forlorn,
From morn to vacant morn
The vigil of the seasons, shall there come
Ever again the timeless, deep delirium?

In the afternoon with burning silence filled,
Cicada-like, a fever sang and shrilled,
Harrying anew his passion-wearied blood
Through veins oppressed by heat and hebetude.
Indifferently he watched the westering day
Like spreading fire consume
The thin last shrunken shade in which he lay.
He closed his dazzled eyes: in the red gloom
Behind the sun-confronting lids he saw
A faceless and colossal woman loom:
One moment in his eyes,
Ere the dislimning vision could withdraw,
The breasts were large and dim as daylight moons,
The hips, on scarlet skies,
Glimmered with arch of evening semilunes,
The shadowy shell curved down between vast thighs.

FOOTNOTE TO DUNNE

by ANTHONY BOUCHER

1: Personalia

My wife smelled of ether as I bent over her. She said, "It's a boy," and there was a slight questioning uncertainty in her voice.

I nodded. "It's a boy."

She said, "Jamie," and smiled. I felt good. Then she didn't say anything for a while. I don't know if she was conscious. Finally she said, "Remind me tomorrow. Do not let me forget it." Her speech was artificially precise. "I have made a discovery of the greatest semantical significance."

I was a little taken aback. It wasn't a remark I'd expected under the circumstances. But I reminded her the next day anyway.

I didn't expect much. I know how when you're very nearly asleep or at just the right stage of drunkenness, vast mysteries suddenly become perfectly clear, only to revert the next day to their normal obscurity. I thought she'd have forgotten all about it.

But she hadn't. She frowned limply and murmured, "I don't know why I said *semantical.* It isn't that at all. It's about Dunne's time theory and the observers. Only please . . . I'll explain it when I feel stronger."

So my visits to the hospital were devoted partly to learning the health of my wife and my son (both uniformly excellent thank you) and partly to trying to recapture my wife's experience before it faded.

I think it was worth recapturing. It's minor. It's a footnote. But a corroborative footnote has its value.

2: Data

My wife's doctor does not believe in complete anesthesia for delivery. He eases the pain with nitrous oxide and oxygen, hereafter to be known simply as *gas.* (The ether that I smelled was used postoperatively.)

With each application of the gas cone, my wife underwent a curious experience. First she was possessed of all her senses (these being in this case restricted to touch, hearing, and smell; the cone prevented sight, and there was no occasion for taste). Then one by one these senses disappeared. Her consciousness

was vested in a sense-less observer, who considered what had been going on. Then that consciousness moved to a second observer, who took note of the observations of his predecessor, and so on through a definite series up to an ultimate observer (*).

Somewhere along this series was an observer who regularly thought, "This is fascinating! I must remember to tell my husband." He was followed by another who observed cynically, "Like fun you will!" ("I certainly fooled *him!*" my wife commented gleefully on reading this manuscript.)

All of us have experienced this sense of multiple observers. (If you have not, pause at this point and think about it. You are thinking. You are also thinking, "I am thinking." Beyond that, you are thinking, "I am thinking, 'I am thinking.'" And so on till you run out of double and single quotes.) But we are normally conscious of all these observers at once. In my wife's case, her consciousness was present in only one observer of the series at any given point.

When she had reached the ultimate observer, the effects of the gas had worn off and the cone was applied again. The series was repeated in exactly the same order, so regularly that after several applications she could say to herself, "Now this sense will vanish," "Now I shall move to the sense-less observers."

All this while she experienced a most peculiar time phenomenon. She was aware of things before they happened and after they were past, and she kept coming back to them, though not quite at the same point of time. The most striking example was that she heard the doctor (who was a trifle late in arriving) enter the room and greet the nurse. When she was next unconed, she looked around and asked for him. He had not arrived. During the next application she heard the same thing; and this time it was happening. And she heard a third entrance and greeting after she had herself seen the doctor in the room.

I said not quite at the same point of time. This is best illustrated by a remark of the nurse, which she heard several times. First she caught only the beginning of it, then more, then the whole, then later parts. As (approximately):

If this one doesn't

(*) It should be noted that I employ this term *ultimate observer* throughout this note in a simpler sense than does Dunne, who invests it with almost metaphysical significance.

If this one doesn't do it the next
If this one doesn't do it the next one will
n doesn't do it the next one will
the next one will
ll

Events moved (apparently) more or less rapidly, paced by the pulsation of the gas machine, so that on one recurrence a phrase like this might be a blur of sound too fast to be heard distinctly.

She came to know the order of events that she had been over several times, and would hope, for instance, that a certain acute pang which she knew was coming again would coincide. this time around, with the presence in a sense-less observer who would not be bothered by it.

3: Theory

Now the business of the serial observers is simply an especially dramatic presentation of the commonly demonstrable fact upon which J. W. Dunne has erected a system equally applicable to philosophy and to physics. Its only new value lies in the suggestion that the series of observers may be in some way connected with the levels of consiousness. (The phenomenon of the one-by-one disappearance of the senses, in regular order, I make no attempt to explain.)

But the time element is something else again. This is a corroboration of one of Dunne's most essential concepts, which has so far rested more on deductive proof from the nature of dreams than on direct waking evidence.

Dunne believes that the observer (of the infinitely regressing series of observers which is oneself) is a four-dimensional being moving through a four-dimensional world (the fourth dimension is of course what we commonly call Time, which Dunne refers to as T.) and abstracting therefrom a three-dimensional picture which it calls "now".

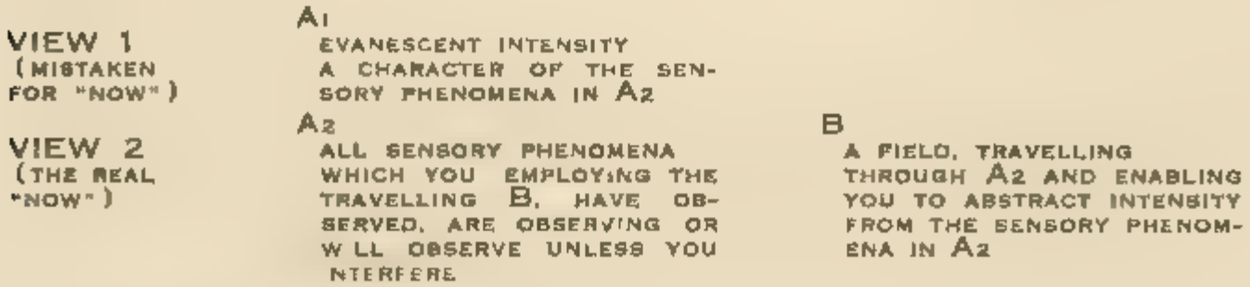

Fig. 1 (*)

(*) *The new immortality*, p. 52

(This "movement through" it timed by T^2, and each successive observer has his own corresponding time; but to go fully into the Dunne theories is beyond the scope of this note.)

"You are," Dunne addresses his reader (*), "in the condition of an observer who can *observe* that which is really present to you in A^2, but who is concentrating attention around the abstracted intensity in A^1 provided for him by *B*. Withdraw your attention from what *B* provides, and you ought to be able to observe the rest of A^2."

Dunne himself has made more or less successful attempts at waking relaxation of attention (**), but admits that the process is difficult and awkward. His evidence for the free perception by *B* of what lies in A^2, whether "behind" or "ahead of" A^1, is based chiefly on dreams, from which he has secured extra-ordinary and convincing results.

But here is a clear instance, in a conscious mind, of broadened temporal awareness as a result of relaxation of attention. The following diagram may help:

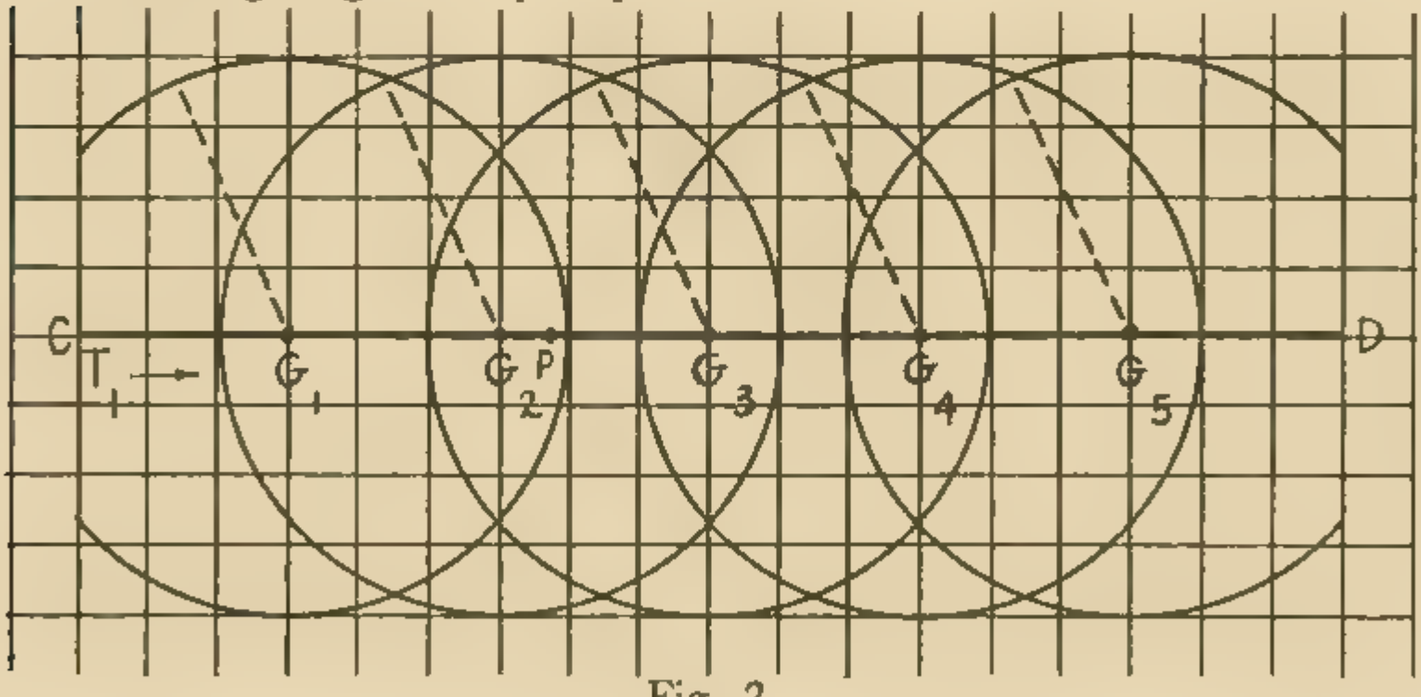

Fig. 2

The line *CD* represents the flow of what we call time (*T*). The points G^1, etc., indicate the administration of gas. Each administration causes a slight relaxation of attention, which enables *B* to be directly aware of a little more of A^2 than normally. This widened scope of awareness is indicated by the circles with the various *G*'s as their foci.

Thus the doctor's arrival, at the "time" indicated by the point *P*, almost coincides with G^3, and thus would be perceived, not

(*) *The new immortality*, p. 69

(**) *An experiment with time*, 4th. ed., pp. 115ff.

as memory or prevision, but as a happening event, both "before" and "after" it occurred.

The proportions of this diagram are inevitably haphazard. The episode of the nurse's remark suggests a much closer overlapping of the circles. This episode also suggests the tendency of the habit-ridden B to try to follow a T^1 order even when it is no longer necessary. The sentence was never heard as liw nuw tsken eth to ood tnsud nuw sith fi.

A further indication of this habit is the "timing" of events by the beat of the machine. With normal time-order blurred by the relaxing of attention from the changing "now" (A^1), the observer (B) seizes on this beat to give him an artificial time-measure and clue to sequence.

The phenomenon of the serial observers may also be diagrammed, as follows, the vertical axis representing first the senses, then the series of sense-less observers (O, etc.) to the ultimate observer (O^2).

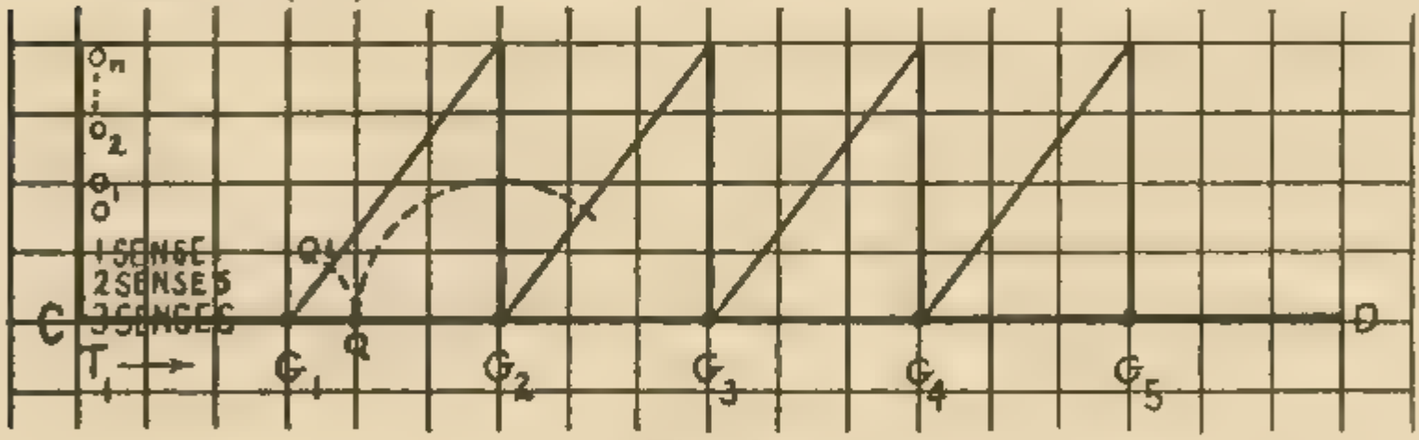

Fig. 3

This serves further to explain the phenomenon mentioned above of hoping that a pain would recur at a point when it was less palpable. Dunne discusses at length (*) the fact that pain can be sensed fully only when the attention is concentrated on "now" (A^1), and this experience confirms his belief. A sharp pang, occurring at the point Q on the time line, might be felt during the G^1 series while (Q^1) the senses were still present and attention as yet scarcely relaxed. In the G^2 series, it might coincide (Q^2) with one of the sense-less and unconcentrated observers.

(Comparing this Fig. 3 with Dunne's Fig. 1 above, the reader will notice that these sense-less observers represent a B (and B^1, B^2, etc.) *without* a directly sensed A^2—a contingency which Dunne does not consider.'

(*) *An experiment with time*, 4th. ed., pp. 204ff.

A combination of these two diagrams shows the following results:

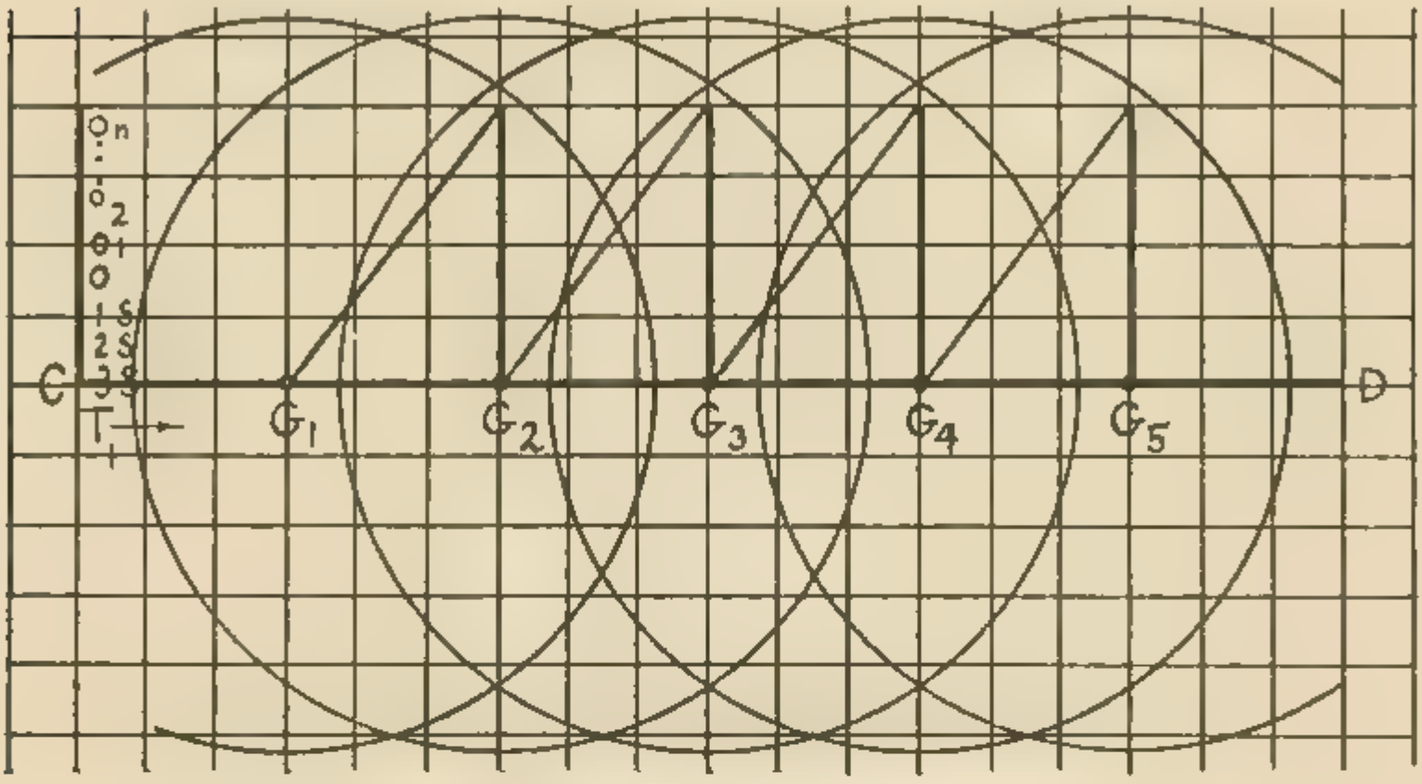

Fig. 4

This presents, I trust clearly, a graphic picture of my wife's experience.

I feel that there are yet further implications to this experience beyond my powers of analysis or exposition. May better trained and more able students of such matters follow up these clues.

In the study of the mysteries of the human consciousness, which may prove as significant as any scientific research of this century, I hope that this small footnote may find its place.

4: Bibliography

The reader is recommended to the three major works of J. W. Dunne. *An Experiment With Time.* New York, Macmillan, 1927. Same, fourth edition, revised and enlarged. New York, Macmillan, 1938. *The New Immortality.* (With an introduction by J. B. Priestley.) New York, Harper 1937. *The Serial Universe.* New York, Macmillan, 1938. The reader is further recommended to *St. George and the Witches* Illustrated by Lloyd Coe. New York, Holt, 1939. This has nothing to do with time or serialism, but I cannot resist the opportunity of urging so excellent and little-known a fantasy, which, though published for children, belongs on the shelf beside the Arthurian fantasias of T. H. White.

5: Attestation

I do attest that the foregoing manuscript is a faithful and accurate account of my experiences from one to two o'clock on the morning of April twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and forty-two.

L.S.—Phyllis Boucher

HOLIDAY

by Ray Bradbury

Someone suggested wine for dinner. So Charlie fetched a dusty bottle from the cellar and uncorked it.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Let's see." Bill raised his watch. "About seven."

The three men in the stone room had drunk beer all afternoon with the radio murmuring in the hot silence. Now, with the sun set, they buttoned their shirts again.

"I'm glad my sister's away in the mountains tonight," said Walter.

"She'll hear about it, anyway, won't she? They have a telegraph up at the villa?"

"Last I heard, it was out of order." Walter tapped his fingers on the stone table. "It's this waiting kills me. I wish I didn't know. I wish I could just look up and see it happen and be surprised and not have time to think."

"Suppose it'll happen tonight?" Bill handed around glasses of the cool wine. He was frying a large omelette on the office stove, with tomato sauce and crisp bacon.

"Who knows?" said Charlie.

"They said it might in the last radiogram that came through before the silence."

Walter opened the large window. The sky was clear, dark, filling with stars. A still quiet warmth as of breathing hung over the village down the hill. Distantly, a canal lay near the horizon, shining.

"Mars is a funny planet," observed Walter, looking out. "I never dreamed I'd wind up living here, a couple million miles from home."

Voices sounded below; two dim figures careened along the alley.

"There go Johnson and Remington," said Walter. "Drunker than owls, already. God, how I envy them."

"If there's one time I don't want to be drunk, it's tonight," said Bill, spooning out omelette on three stone plates. "Where's your son, Walt?"

Walter called out the window into the dark, evening street. "Joe!" After a moment, a small voice replied, far away, "Can't I stay out, dad?" "No!" Walter called back. "Come eat!" "But I might miss it," complained Joe, trudging up the back

stair, slowly. "Eat and you can run back out," said Walter, as they all sat down to the table. The boy, ten years old and blonde, watched the door and ate rapidly with his spoon. "Slow down," suggested his father. "Some more wine, anybody?" The wine was poured quietly.

They did little conversing during the supper hour.

"My plate's clean; can I go now, dad?"

Walter nodded and the boy ran. His footsteps faded down the alley. Bill said, "He wasn't born on Earth, was he?"

"No. Here in Mars Village, in 1991. His mother divorced me two years later. She went back to Earth. Joe stayed on; the psychologist pointed out that space travel and the change in environments would be too much for Joe. So he stayed here with me."

"This must be quite a night for Joe."

"Yes, he's excited. Means nothing to him, of course; just another entertainment, something new, different."

"Why can't we change the subject?" Charles slammed down his knife and fork. "What time is it?" Somebody told him. "More wine," he gasped, holding the bottle, his hand trembling.

"The Martains are throwing a big shindig in the village tonight," said Bill, helping clear the table. "I don't blame them. We came here to colonize Mars in our rockets and never asked if they wanted us or not. How many Earth men are here on Mars now, Charlie?"

"A thousand; no more than that."

"Well, that makes us a neat minority, doesn't it? Those two million Martians will certainly deserve their celebration on a night like this. They've declared a planet-wide holiday; children out of school and everything. The Big Set-Piece Day they call it. Fireworks and all."

They walked out onto the balcony of the stone house to sit smoking their cigarettes. "I'm sure it won't happen tonight," said Charlie, smiling, sweat on his upper lip.

"Let's not kid ourselves," said Walt, taking out his pipe. "My kid's down in the town now running and screaming with the Martian kids in the big holiday. He's almost a Martian himself. Oh, it'll be tonight all right."

"I wonder what the Martians will do to us?"

Walt shrugged. "Nothing. God, how they must feel about all this. Without having to lift a finger, without having anything to do with the Fireworks, the Martians can watch the display. I think it'll amuse them to let us live on; remnants of a civilization, as it were, that set fire to its own tail."

Bill puffed slowly. "I've got a father, living in Illinois, Lake Bluff, tonight. God, how he hated Communists."

"No kidding?" Charlie laughed, shortly. "I went through Lake Bluff three times in the summer of 1980, when I was twelve."

"I'll be dammed," said Bill.

They sat in darkness, cigarettes glowing. Far away, the running feet, the shouts, the laughs, grew louder. Carnival music sounded, firecrackers exploded, whistles blew. In all the tilted stone houses candles flickered out as shadows moved into the streets.

"They're climbing on their rooftops for the performance," said Bill, quietly. "There're some going up in the hills. They can make a night of it; take a picnic lunch, sit on a hill-top, wait for the big show, and maybe make a little love. Fine."

"Nice night. Were you ever in Chicago in the summer?" asked Charlie, suddenly. "Hot. I thought I'd die."

The town lights were all gone now. On the silent hills, the people watched the sky.

"Funny," said Bill. "I just thought of Central School, in Mellin Town, Wisconsin. Haven't thought of it in years. We had an old maid teacher named Larribee and—" He stopped, drank his wine, and said nothing else.

Walt's son ran upstairs, panting.

"Is it time?" He flopped on his father's knee.

"Aren't you spending the night with the village boys?" asked Walt. "No, I'll be with you," said Joe. "After all," he explained. "You were born in New York."

"Thanks," said Walt.

"Who planned the show tonight, the fireworks, dad?"

"I wish I knew."

In the east, a green star rose.

Below, in the town, a murmur sounded.

"Is that Earth in the sky, dad?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about the set-piece and the fireworks, huh?"

"Well, it took a lot of money, people and time to build."

"How long?"

"Fifty years, I guess."

"That's pretty long."

Walt held his son and the night wind rose across the alleys, slow and trembling. "I don't see nothing," said Joe. "Hush."

whispered his father. They held their breath.

Earth was clear and green in the heavens.

"Hell," said Charlie. "It's a false alarm. I'll open a new bottle and—" He started to stand up.

The sky exploded.

"There!" cried Bill.

They fell back as the whiteness burned the sky.

Earth grew violently, flaming, twice, four times normal size. Fire pushed away darkness with no sound. Like a great green-red flare, the illumination rushed over upturned faces on the hills, in house windows, on rooftops, in valleys, by the rivers and the long canals and the dead seas. The white flame burned briefly in the eyes of the three waiting men.

The light faded.

On the hill sides a vast exulant sigh went up, there was a dinning of drums, a shouting. Joe turned to his father. "Is that all?"

The three men held cigarettes unlit in their slumped hands.

"That's all," said Walt, eyes shut. "Show's over."

"When will it happen again?" asked Joe.

Walt got up swiftly. "Look; here's the cellar key. Run down and carry up four bottles of wine. That's a good boy. Hurry."

They sat without a word on the cold balcony until the boy brought the bottles up from the cellar.

POUR CHERCHER DU NOUVEAU

by Clark Ashton Smith

Call up the lordly daemon that in Cimmeria dwells
Amid the vaults untrodded, long-sealed with lethal spells,
Amid the untouched waters of Lemur-warded wells.

Call up the wiser genius who knows and understands
The lore of night and Limbo, who finds in tomb-dark lands
The pearls and shells and wreckage that strew the dawnless
strands,

Remnants of elder cargoes, lost, enigmatic spars
From seas without horizon, washing occulted stars,
From shadow-sunken cycles of vaster calendars.

Call up the vagrant demon, whose vans have haply strayed
Through subterranean heavens by dead Anubis bayed,
Who has seen abysmal evil, aloof and undismayed;

Beholding fouler phantoms no necromancer wakes,
Reptilian bulks that cumber the thick putrescent lakes,
And pterodactyls brooding their nests in charnel brakes;

Hearing the unspent anger of troglodyte and Goth,
The hate of gods abolished, the moan of Ashtaroth,
The hunger and the fury of famished Behemoth.

Call up the sapient daemon, whose eyes have haply read
The cipher-graven portals in planets of the dead,
Who knows the dark apastrons of stars forever sped;

Who has seen the lost eidola hewn from no earthly stone;
The unrusting magic mirrors, in chambers chill and lone,
That hold celestial faces from heavens overthrown;

Who has heard the vatic of witch-wrought seraphim;
The wailing fires of Moloch, the flames that swirl and swim
Around the blood-black altars of ravening Baalim;

Who has heard the sands of ocean, far-sifted on the beach,
Repeating crystal echoes of some sidereal speech;
Who has heard the atoms telling their legend each to each.

Call up the errant daemon, the pilgrim of strange lands,
And he will come, arising from shadow-tided strands,
With gifts of bale and beauty and wonder in his hands.

JOURNEY TO THE WORLD UNDER GROUND

(Being the Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim)
From the Latin of LEWIS HOLBERG

II

In the kingdom of *Kokleku,* they have a custom which is not less wrong and injurious, and which cannot fail to be strongly reprobated by every European. The inversion in this custom is not the fault of nature, but is solely to be attributed to the laws. The inhabitants are all Juniper-trees of both sexes; but the males are only employed in affairs of the kitchen, and other insignificant drudgery. In time of war, they are regularly taken into the military service, but they are seldom more than common soldiers; and only very few rise as high as the rank of ensign. This post is the highest that any male tree, in this State, can ever hope to arrive at. To the females, on the contrary, are confided the most important, as well civil as ecclesiastical and military, offices. I had, but a short time before, blamed the *Potuites,* because they, in the distribution of employments, did not give one sex the preference over the other; but this nation appeared to me completely unnatural and frantic. I was not able by any means to comprehend the sluggish inaction of the male sex, that it, in spite of its superiority in bodily strength, should patiently bear this despicable yoke; and, during so many centuries, should have suffered things to go on in their old course; for it would naturally have been an easy matter for them to throw off the yoke, if they had either desire or courage so to do; but the ancient custom had so completely lulled them to sleep, that it never entered the head of any one to venture to take the least step in order to wrest themselves from these disgraceful trammels: they believed that nature had so ordained it, that the females should rule the State, and that the males should weave, cook, knit, spin, sweep and clean the rooms, and get plenty of stripes into the bargain.

The females founded their claim to domain, upon the great bodily strength of the males, upon their stronger muscles, and upon the adaption of their limbs to the more laborious work. Hence it is evident, they maintain, that nature has destined them only to that which is performed by strength of body.

Foreigners were surprised, on entering any house, to find the mistress in the study, and surrounded by papers up to her ears, while the master was bustling about in the kitchen, and busy in

scouring pots and pans. And to which house soever I went, and desired to speak to the master, I was certain of being shown into the kitchen.

* * *

Adjoining to this kingdom is the *Land of Philosophers,* as the inhabitants, who have applied themselves deeply to the study of philosophy and the higher sciences, call it. I burnt with desire to see this realm, which I imagined must certainly be the true abode of the Muses, and the centre of all knowledge; and expected not to see fields and meadows, but

One only vast, immeasurable sea,
Where art with nature is not in dispute,
But where they both embrace, and dwell in peace.

With my head full of this imagination, I hastened with all speed towards this kingdom, and counted every minute on the way. I got, on this occasion, both besmeared and ulcerated legs, for the roads through the country were very stony and full of holes, and were so sundered by ditches and marshes, that I was obliged sometimes to tramp over heaps of stones, and then again to trudge through deep morasses, as nowhere was there a bridge to be found. But I boldly endured and surmounted all these difficulties, when I reflected on what awaited me, well knowing that the way to the kingdom of Heaven is not strewed with roses. When I had been painfully toiling, and combating my way through, for about the space of an hour, I met a peasant, and asked him how far I had still to go, before I reached *Maskattia,* or the *Land of Philosophers?* "You ought rather to ask," said he, "how far you have to go, before you get out of it again; for you are now just in the midst of it." I was vastly astonished at this information, saying, "How is it, then, that this country, which is inhabited by nobody but philosophers, should be more like a haunt for wild beasts, than a cultivated and inhabited kingdom?" "Ay!" answered he, "it will shortly assume a better appearance, when the inhabitants only once have a little leisure to attend to such like bagatelles. For the present, we must excuse their suffering the fields and meadows to remain untouched, as they have something very sublime and celestial in their heads, and are speculating on discovering a way up to the sun. No man can blow his porridge and sip it at the same time." I understood immediately what this peasant, who was allowed to be very cunning, meant to say; I therefore continued to trudge forward, and at length arrived

at the capitol, which is called *Sasca*. At and under the gateway of the city, by which I entered, instead of a guard, I perceived a number of hens, geese, birds'-nests, and cobwebs. Through the streets, I saw promiscuously walking, herds of swine and philosophers, which were only to be distinguished from each other by their form; for the latter were equally besmeared and filthy with the former. All the philosophers wore a sort of cloak or gown; but of what colour I was not able to discern, as it was impossible to discover it through so much dust and filth as were hanging upon them. I stopped before one of these sages, who, quite entranced and absorbed in contemplation, ran directly against me. "I beg your pardon, Sir!" said I, "may I ask the name of this city?" He remained immoveable for a length of time in a standing position, with his eyes closed, as if his immortal part had taken leave of his body; but came at last again to himself, and answered with a look towards heaven—"It is not far from mid-day." This unseasonable answer, which betrayed a perfect insensibility and inattention, proved to me, that it was much more advisable to study with moderation, than to become deranged from too great a store of learning. I penetrated farther into the city, in order to see whether I could not find any other people or rational animals, than philosophers. In the market-place, which was very large, I observed several columns and pillars standing, on which were many inscriptions. I approached one of these columns, to try whether I could read and understand what I saw there written; but while I was standing and spelling the words, I felt my back get suddenly warm, and perceived, at the same time, that it was completely wet. I turned me round, to ascertain from what source flowed this warm stream, and perceived a philosopher, who, without the least ceremony, was performing that against my back, which dogs are accustomed to do against mile-stones and road-posts. Being absorbed in thought, he took me for a pillar, against which he was in the habit of performing that office. I was so much exasperated at this infamous trick, particularly as *His Highlearnedness* laughed immoderately at my surprise and condition, that I gave him a violent box on the ear. But on receiving this, he rushed upon me like a furious madman, seized me by the hair, and in spite of all my crying and bawling, he dragged me round the market-place. On perceiving that his wrath was not likely to be appeased, I put myself in a posture of defence, and gave like for like, or a Roland for his Oliver; so that our re-

ceipts and disbursements kept pretty well on a par, until at length, after a desparate conflict, both fell down exhausted upon the field of battle.

At the sight of this, an immense multitude of philosophers came running to us. They fell upon me like madmen, cudgelled and beat every limb of me with their sticks and clenched fists, and dragged me, half dead, by the hair, round about the market. Not satisfied, but tired and weary with beating me, they at last conducted me to a large building; and as I there, with both my feet against the doorway, pushed, and kicked, and struggled with all my might and main, against being taken in, they slipped a rope round my neck, and dragged me, like a squeaking pig, into a large hall, where they laid me on my back in the middle of the floor. Everything was lying here topsy-turvy in a promiscuous way, so that the place had the semblance of the inside of a house just before quarter-day, when people are busy removing, and all sorts of utensils, tubs, and other household furniture, are thrown in disorder one upon another. I began now to supplicate these sages to set bounds to their wrath, and show their compassion; representing to them, how unbecoming it was for the lovers of wisdom to be furious, like wild beasts, and completely give way to those passions, against which they themselves so often fulminated from their pulpits. But my prayers and representations were entirely fruitless. The philosopher, who had made water against my back, began the conflict anew, beat me as though he were striking upon an anvil, and continued to cuff me, poor wretch! so long, that it seemed as if he would not be appeased until he had taken away my life. I was now convinced that no wrath or anger could be compared with philosophical vehemence, and that the teachers of virtue are far from being identified with the practisers of it; for,

The more he cuff'd, the more kept toiling,
The more his blood and spleen kept boiling.

At length four other philosophers, whose gowns showed they belonged to another sect, entered the hall. They seemed to have pity and compassion on me, and by means of hand and voice, put a stop to the fury of the others. After that, they took some of the persons who were ill-using me aside, whispered something in their ears, and conducted me away to another house. I was heartily glad at having escaped from the clutches of these banditti, and got again among decent and honest people; to whom I related, with much amplification, the circumstances

that had given rise to all this confusion. They laughed heartily on this occasion, which they called a droll and discerting adventure, and told me that the philosophers, whenever they walked across the market-place, were in the habit, in certain cases of emergency, of stopping at these pillars; and that my antagonist, in all probability, being completely absorbed in his philosophical contemplations, had taken me for one of them. They mentioned to me, at the same time, that he was a particularly renowned astronomer; and that the others, who had attacked and beat me so unmercifully, were all professors of moral philosophy.

As I now thought myself in perfect safety, I listened with much pleasure to all they related to me. Meanwhile, I cannot however, deny that the attention with which they surveyed my form, raised some scruples in my mind; as also the many interrogations and inquiries which they made concerning my birthplace, way of life, the reason of my journey, and such-like, seemed not to prognosticate much good to come.

But when they locked me up in a kind of anatomical theatre, where I saw a vast heap of bones and dead bodies, which filled the place with an intolerable stink, I was near giving up the ghost from fear and anxiety. I should have thought that I had descended into a lurking-hole for thieves, if a number of surgical instruments, which I perceived hanging against the walls, had not, in some measure, allayed my dreadful apprehensions; as I concluded from this circumstance, that mine host must certainly be a doctor. When I had been pining in this prison for the space of about half an hour, the lady of the house entered, and brought me some dinner, which she had prepared with her own hands. She appeared to me particularly polite and courteous, but looked very anxiously at me, and sighed continually. I inquired the causes of her affliction; and she answered me, that she sighed but to think of the fate which awaited me. "You are, undoubtedly," said she, "among decent and honest people; for my husband, who inhabits this house, is physician to the Corporation and doctor of medicine, and the others whom you saw were his colleagues; but your extraordinary form has so much excited their wonder and admiration, that they have resolved on taking your internal conformation into minute consideration, and dissecting you, in order to see whether they can discover any thing new in your inside, which may afford some elucidation to anatomy." This information was like a thunderclap to me; I gave a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "How can

you call those decent and honest people, Madam, who are not in any wise scrupulous about anatomizing their neighbours?"—

"Your finger place upon your lips, and know
The soil on which you stand"—

said she. "The people into whose hands you have fallen, are very honest, and have, merely for the sake of enlightening their understanding and improving their knowledge, resolved on this operation." I replied, that I had a thousand times rather be let loose among banditti, than be anatomized by the most honest and decent people in the universe; thew myself at her feet, and supplicated her, while a flood of tears ran down my cheeks, to intercede and obtain mercy for me. "My intercession," replied she, "will avail you but very little, against the decision of the whole faculty, who are not in the habit of revoking their decrees; but I will endeavour to save your life by other means." When she had uttered these words, she took me by the hand, led me out at a back door, and accompanied me, whilst I trembled all the time like an aspen-leaf, as far as the gate of the city.

Being now desirous of taking leave of her, and endeavouring, which was no more than right, to testify to her my gratitude in the most lively expressions, she suddenly interrupted me, by saying that it was not her intention to leave me, until she saw me in perfect safety. As I did not oppose her in this, she continued to attend me.

While we thus proceeded slowly on together, she related a good deal to me concerning the state of the country, to which I listened with much eagerness. But at length she turned the discourse to another subject, which appeared to me not strictly virtuous, as it hinted, that she, as a requital for her complaisance towards me, required me to show her a complaisance in return, which was morally impossible for me to do. She represented to me, with much sensibility and warmth, the unhappy fate of a married woman in this country, as their philosophical schoolmasters of husbands, who are entirely buried in their books, almost completely neglect the duties of matrimony.

Adjoining to this State lies the province *Nakir*, the capital of which bears the same name. Respecting this province I cannot say much; for I hurried through it, as well as through every country that bordered on *Maskattia*, with all speed, in order to arrive among a people who were not so absorbed in the study of philosophy, and, above all, not so eager after the elucidation

of anatomy. My blood was in such a ferment, and I was so terrified and alarmed, that I asked everyone whom I met upon the way, whether he was a philosopher; and I dreamed every night, for a length of time after, about skeletons and anatomical instruments. The inhabitants of *Nakir* appeared to me otherwise very courteous; for everyone who met me in the street, offered me, unasked, his services; and assured me, with a great deal of amplification, that I might depend upon his good offices. These assurances I found to be very ridiculous, as I never let it be perceived that I entertained the smallest doubt of their good will towards me, and never manifested the least suspicion concerning their sincerity; and even remarked to several persons, that I could not conceive what necessity there was for so many sacred pledges. But they renewed them on this occasion with the most solemn and dreadful oaths. On the outside of the town I met a person, who was walking very slowly, and sighing under a heavy burden which he bore on his shoulders. He stopped on seeing me, and inquired whence I came? When I answered him, that I had lately been in the city of *Nakir*, he wished me joy of my getting safe and sound out again, "as the inhabitants," said he, "are notorious rogues and sharpers, who are in the habit of plundering and stripping every foreigner who visits them." I replied, that if their actions accorded with their words, I had reason to consider them a particularly honest and upright people; since every one, with the most solemn and dreadful oaths, had testified his sincerity. The good man smiled at this, and said, "Be careful how you repose implicit confidence in any one who trumpets forth his own integrity, and especially in him who calls upon the devil to bear witness to his virtue." I never forgot this admonition, and have very often been fully sensible of its profundity. Therefore, as soon as any of my debtors began to curse and swear by their honesty, I always demanded my money, and never lent them another penny.

On the borders of this country I arrived at a yellowish sea, on the margin whereof there lay a ferry-boat, with three tiers of oars, in which, for a very moderate fare, a person might be conveyed across to the *Land of Reason*. I struck a bargain with the ferry-man, entered the boat, and was much amused with this sea-voyage. The subterranean vessels are not rowed by human hands, but, by the help of certain concealed machines, are forced through the water with a wonderful velocity. As soon as I had arrived in this country, I met with a person who

showed me the way to the city, and who related to me, as we went, a good deal about the affairs of the corporation, and the condition and way of life of the inhabitants, with which he seemed to be very intimately acquainted. Among other things, he informed me that all the burghers studied logic, and that this town was the real and true seat of reason, and accorded perfectly with its own name and that of the country. On my arrival in the city, I soon experienced that my guide had told the truth; for the meanest burgher, by reason of his good sense, quickness of apprehension, gravity, and modest deportment, appeared to me to be a senator. At this I raised my hands towards heaven, and exclaimed—"O most happy and blessed State, which gives birth to none but *Catos!*"

But when I had acquired a more accurate knowledge of the state of affairs in the town, I observed that many things were conducted in but a very indifferent way, and that the State in some measure was diseased for lack of fools. For as the inhabitants examine and reflect upon every thing with much circumspection and judgment, and never allow themselves to be moved or affected by pompous encomiums, flowery language, and magnificent parade, many of the means are lost, by which, otherwise, so easily and without expense to the public, the burghers in a State are stimulated to great exertions, which prove of the utmost benefit to the country.

The injurious consequences to a nation, which flow from such a too anxious prudence, a certain Minister of Finance, with much zeal, severally exposed to me. "The one tree," were his words, "is distinguished from another merely by name and appearance. There is no gown-mania among the burghers, as the one cannot distinguish by any badge of honor before another, and no one in particular appears to be wise and clever, for they are all wise and clever. I ackowledge, that stupidity is a failure; but to extirpate it entirely in a State, does not appear to me at all advisable. It is sufficient for every town to possess only as many wise men, as there are public employments in it. It is requisite that some should govern, and others be governed. That which the government of another country is able to effect by means of puppet-show pageantry, trinkets, and baubles, cannot here be accomplished without bestowing considerable remuneration, which not unfrequently exhaust the treasury; for the wise men, for the services they have done the fatherland, demand the kernel, while fools, on the contrary, are put off with the shell. In like

manner, for example, titles and marks of honour, which in other places allure fools to undertake arduous and dangerous enterprizes, produce not the least effect here upon the burghers, who consider that true honour consists only in virtue and intrinsic worth, and therefore never allow themselves to be dazzled by the false glitter of trifles. In the hope of their names being immortalized and enrolled in the annals of their country, your military and naval characters," added he, "are stimulated to rush undauntedly on the greatest dangers; we, on the contrary, who look upon all this as quibble and *double entendre,* and who are unable to comprehend the meaning of the phrase, 'to live after death,' lack this stimulus. It is thought here not worth while to acquire any honour, praise, or glory, which we are never likely to hear named. Not to mention a thousand other inconveniences, which result from a too strict examination of the chimera, and which entirely and clearly prove the correctness of the maxim—*That it is necessary in a well regulated State, that one-half, at least, of its inhabitants should be fools.* Foolishness is to society, what acid is to the stomach: and too little of either portion is as injurious as too much."

I listened to the discourse of the Minister of Finance with the greatest admiration. But on his proffering me, in the name of the Council of State, my freedom of the city, and endeavouring to tempt me to remain there, my face became quite red, and I concluded that his solicitations for my staying, were in consequence of the opinion he had formed of my stupidity, and his looking upon me as well qualified to be the stomach-acid to a State that was diseased by too much wisdom. Very soon after, when I heard that the State had resolved on encouraging a great number of burghers to emigrate, as settlers, to distant colonies, and that they intended to borrow as many fools from the neighbouring nations as would fill up the chasm again in the population, my suspicions were corroborated. I quitted, therefore, not without some mortification, this with-reason-replete city. But the maxim, which I lately quoted, and with which our statesmen have hitherto not been acquainted, namely—*That it is necessary in a well-regulated State, that one half, at least, of its inhabitants should be fools,* I could not for a length of time get out of my head. I was astonished that a rule and maxim, so beneficial, should have remained so long unknown to the philosophers of our globe. But perhaps I do them wrong; for it is possible, that the one or the other may have discovered it, and

perceived the correctness of it; but not thought it worth his while to introduce it among the political maxims, because this globe is, everywhere, so well stocked with fools, that (without intending to slander any town whatsoever) no hamlet, much less large city, is anywhere to be found, which in the smallest degree lacks this so extremely beneficial acid.

When I had rested a little, I proceeded again on my journey, and travelled through several provinces, which I shall pass over in silence, as I discovered in them very little of the extraordinary. I therefore thought that the wonders of the planet *Nazar* were here at an end. But when I arrived in *Cabec,* I met with new and very extraordinary things, which to many may appear completely incredible. Among the inhabitants of this State, there are, for example, several who have no heads, and who come entirely headless into the world: they speak with a kind of mouth, which is placed in the middle of their breasts. Because of this defect in nature, they are excluded from all arduous occupations, in which any brains are required; and there never was an instance of any headless person obtaining an important employment in this country. The posts to which they, for the most part, are appointed, are those that are immediately connected with the Court. From among this headless race, the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, stewards of the Prince's household, attendants of the harem, grooms of the stable, and such-like, are generally chosen. From the same class are also elected headless, sacristans, grave-diggers, and others, whose business can easily be performed without the assistance of many brains.

Now and then, however, one or the other of them is admitted into the Council, either by particular favour of the authorities, or on the ground of family merit, which rarely proves injurious to the State. For experience teaches us, that the majority of the Council commonly depends on a very few Senators, and that the rest are merely there to fill up the number, and to consent, and subscribe to, the measures which the few have resolved upon. In this wise there sat in the Council, during the time that I sojourned in the city, two headless benchers, whose salaries were just as high as those of the others. For although they, because of their natural defects, were not furnished with very peculiarly bright understandings, nor were their ideas extraordinarily brilliant, yet they gave their votes, and assented to the opinions which the others had expressed. In this respect they were more fortunate than their colleagues,

for when any affair was amiss in the Senate, no one was ever offended at those who were not possessed of heads, but vented his spleen solely against the rest: a clear proof, that it is sometimes a great advantage to be born without a head. In other respects, this city yields to no place upon this globe in pomp and splendour. It can boast of a Palace, an University, and a magnificent Cathedral.

In the two provinces in which I soon after arrived, namely, *Cambara* and *Spelek,* all the inhabitants are Lime-trees. The distinction among them consists solely in this,—that those in the first province never become more than, at the highest, four years old; while those in the second, on the contrary, live to above four hundred years. In *Spelek,* therefore, a person meets with many grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-great-grandfathers, and hears a number of proverbs and old chronicles; so that, on arriving in this country, one might imagine that the time had been retarded for the space of some centuries. As much as I pitied the fate of the former, I, on the other hand, highly extolled the happy state of the latter. But when I had maturely reflected on the real condition of both, I noticed that I was completely out in my judgment. In *Cambara,* the inhabitants, in the course of a few months after their birth, arrive at maturity both in body and mind; so that the first year is sufficient for their formation and development, and the other three seemed to be granted to them, in order to prepare themselves for death. Under these circumstances, this country appeared to me to be a truly Platonic republic, in which every virtue arrives at the greatest possible perfection. For as the inhabitants, by reason of their very short lives, are, as it were, continually on the wing and look upon this life as a gate through which they must shortly pass to enter into the next, their minds are more fixed upon their future than their present state. Everyone, on this account, may there be looked upon as a true philosopher, who, without being at all solicitous about terrestrial affairs, strives, through the fear of God, virtuous actions, and a clear conscience, to prepare himself for an eternal beatitude. In short, this country appeared to be inhabited by none but angels, or saints, and to be the right school in which all that is virtuous can best be learned. From this may be seen, how unreasonably many people murmur at, and even quarrel with, Providence, about the shortness of their lives; for our lives can only be called short, inasmuch as we spend the greatest part of them in idleness,

sloth, and voluptuousness; and which would certainly be always long enough, if our time were well employed.

In *Spelek,* on the contrary, where the lives of the inhabitants are prolonged to above four hundred years, every vice, which can be found in mankind, appears to prevail. The people there have only the present before their eyes, as though they were immortal, and would never decline; and therefore uprightness, integrity, honesty, chastity, and decency, are fled, and have given place to falsehood, deceit, extravagance, luxury, and immorality.

This prolongation of life has still another very lamentable effect. Those persons who, through unfortunate events, lose their property, receive hurts in their limbs, or fall into incurable sickness, are accustomed to curse intolerably their existence, and at last commit suicide, as they, because of their long lives, see no end to their sufferings. The shortness of life is the most efficacious consolation to all wretched people. Both these countries greatly excited my admiration, and I quitted them with my head filled with philosophical contemplations.

I now travelled over nothing but a barren and rocky tract of country, until I at length arrived at *Spalank,* or, as it is generally called, *The Land of Innocence.* It has obtained this appellation in consequence of the mild dispositions and innocence of its inhabitants. These trees, which are all majestic Oaks, are looked upon as the happiest of all mortal beings, because they are free from all vehemence of the passions, and consequently from every vice. . . .

On my arrival in this province, I experienced that everything which fame had said regarding it, was true; namely, that the inhabitants, solely from their own inclinations, and not from any obligation of the law, really practiced virtue. Every covetousness, wrath, hatred, pride, ambition, discord, and all other human vices, I found were expelled from this country. But at the same time, vices, and many other things which adorn mankind, and exalt the rational above the brute creation, are there wanting. If we except theology, natual philosophy, and astronomy, no other sciences are there cultivated; and jurisprudence, politics, history, mortality, the mathematics, elocution, and several others, were sciences which were even not known by name. As envy and ambition do not in the smallest degree exist among this people, there is much need of the gown-mania, which so frequently stimulates people to undertake and achieve the greatest and most laudable enterprises. There was no palace, or mag-

nificent building, no senate, or sessions-house, and no great wealth; as there were neither magistracy, lawsuits, nor avarice. In a word, there were no vices, or rather there was no taste, art parade, or such-like, which are looked upon as accomplishments, that add dignity and greatness to empires, and refine mankind; so that it appears such more like being in a forest of oaks, than in a cultivated State. I remained, therefore, a long time in doubt respecting the judgment I ought to form of this nation, and whether such a natural condition were really desirable to humanity. However, when I at length considered, that the want of cultivation can be much better endured than the want of virtue, and that unskillfulness in murder, outrage, theft, and other vices, that are destructive both to soul and body, was nearly allied to unskillfulness in certain sciences, I must acknowledge that this State was happy.

On the way, as I was passing through this country, I fell once by accident over a stone, and desperately hurt my left shin, which caused it to swell very much. A peasant, who witnessed the accident, ran immediately and plucked some herbs, which he laid upon the sore, whereby the pain was quickly allayed, and the swelling disappeared. I concluded from this, that this people must possess superior skill in the art of healing; which really was the case. For as the studies of the *Spalankians* were confined to a few sciences, they are not, like our poly-historians, contented with the husk, but penetrate to the kernel. When I thanked the doctor for the service he had rendered me, and said, that God would reward him for his kindness, he replied, although in the simple style of a peasant, with so much judiciousness, profundity, and religion, that I really fancied I saw an angel, or some other kind of heavenly being, before my eyes, in the form of a tree. From this may be seen, how unreasonably we are sometimes offended at the partisans of apathy, whom we believe to live in indolence and sluggishness, because they do not feel great solicitude, and exhibit excessive sorrow or joy, and never give way to anger or any other vehement passions of the mind. But still more clearly may it be seen from this, how greatly those persons err, who belive that vice is in any way necessary to man, and insist that anger is the soul of valour, envy the stimulus to industry, and suspicion the mother on prudence; for the apple falls commonly not far from the stem, and an addled egg never produces a fine chicken. Many of the virtues whereof mankind seems to be proud, and which are extolled to

the skies, both in rhymes and blank verse, deserve, when they are viewed with a philosophic eye, much more to be reprobated than extolled.

When I quitted this country, I travelled through the province *Kilak*, the inhabitants of which are born with certain marks on their foreheads, which indicate the number of years that each has to live. I looked upon these people in the beginning to be very happy, as death could never surprise them, nor tear them away with all their sins upon their heads. But, as every one knows on what day he shall die, they all procrastinate their repentance until the very last hour. If, therefore, one were desirous of finding a person among them, who led a religious and honest life, one ought to look for such a character among those whose marks on the forehead announced that they were chanting the last verse of their funeral dirge. I observed several walking through the streets with their heads hanging down; these were all persons who must shortly pass on into a future state. They counted the hours and minutes upon their fingers, and looked forward with dread to their momentarily approaching dissolution. This placed conspicuously before my sight, the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator towards us in this respect; and I was thoroughly convinced that it was right that God's creatures should be ignorant of the time of the coming of death.

From this place I was ferried over a kind of sound, in a small boat, and landed in the State of *Askarak*. Here I met with wonders entirely new; for, unlike *Cabac*, which produces people without heads, here some of the inhabitants come into the world with no less than seven. These are commonly called *universal geniuses*, of whom the ancients, in times of old, made very much, and worshipped, on account of this gift of nature, with almost a divine adoration; so that they never appoint generals, or elected senators, burgher-masters, or lords- lieutenant of counties, of any other lineage than theirs. As they have just as many different schemes, projects, designs, plans, and ways of thinking, as they possess heads, they perform a variety of things correctly enough, with zeal and alertness; yet while the reins of government were in their hands, there was nothing which they touched or altered: but as they put everything in execution at the same time, and the multiplicity of different ideas in their heads very naturally and very easily made them fall into controversies and disputes with each other, they at length neither knew how to proceed or desist; and their affairs, by degrees, became so involved

in disorder, and so embarrassed, that it required whole centuries to bring those things again into order, which the all-knowing authorities had so completely entangled. It was, therefore,, once for all, ordained by law, that no seven-headed person, for the future, should ever be appointed to an important situation; and that the State, from that time forward, should be directed solely by plain, simple persons; that is to say, by those who possessed only a single head. Thus are those persons, who heretofore were of so much distinction, and looked upon as demi-gods, falling now into nearly the same degraded condition as the headless race in Cabas. For as they were not able to perform anything, because they had no heads, so these perform everything inverted, because they posses too many. The seven-headed gentlemen, in consequence, are for the present entirely excluded from all public situations, and therefore pass their time in quiet. Nevertheless, they serve as a kind of ornament to the State. They are carried about the country, like jugglers and mountebanks, to exhibit their tricks, and show the people how bountiful nature has been to them; but had it been a little more sparing, and content with giving them only one head, it would have done much better. Of the seven-headed race, during my time, no more than three obtained employments; nor would these have obtained their appointments, had they not beforehand suffered six of their heads to be taken off, and in this wise again collected the many dispersed ideas, to form a sound understanding in the head which was left behind; in the same manner as trees are lopped of their superfluous branches, that those which remain on the trunks may thrive the better There are, however, very few who venture to submit to this excessively painful, and frequently mortal, operation. From this I was convinced, that too much, of whatsoever it may be, is always injurious, and that cleverness consists in regular and methodically-digested ideas in a single head.

From this nation I proceeded on through several deserts, until I arrived in the principality of *Bostanki,* the inhabitants of which in their exterior appearance, much resemble the Potuites; but in the internal conformation of their bodies they are vastly different, for the heart is placed in the right thigh; so that it may very truly be said of them, that their hearts are in their breeches. They are also looked upon as the greatest cowards of all the inhabitants upon this planet.

I arrived, much out of humor, however, with the bad road, at a public-house, just within the gate of the town, and uttered some

crabbed expressions to the landlord, who tired me with his incessant talkativeness and demands to know what I desired to take. He fell down on his knees before me, and begged, with tears in his eyes, that I would be indulgent and forgive him; at the same time he thrust forward his right thigh, and requested I would feel how much his heart palpitated. At this I burst into laughter, and forgot the whole of my troubles and vexation. I dried up the tears of this poor, miserable sinner, and bade him compose himself, and fear not. He rose up again on his feet, kissed my hand, and then went away to prepare some repast for me. Not long after, I heard a most horrible shrieking and howling in the kitchen, which resounded through the whole house. I ran immediately out, and saw, to my great astonishment, this dastard of a host in full employ, soundly beating his wife and the servant-maids; but as soon as he perceived me, he took to his heels and made a precipitate flight. I then turned to the wife and maids, who were weeping,, and inquired what fault or offence they had committed, to put this meek and peaceable man into so dreadful a passion. But they remained a long time motionless, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, and answered not a word, as if they were afraid of betraying their grief; but somewhile after, as I pressed my inquiry, and used both entreaties and threats, the wife at length broke silence in the following words:—"My dear stranger, you seem not to have much knowledge of men. The burghers of this country,, who dare not show themselves before the face of an armed enemy, and who are ready, at the least noise or alarm, to creep, through fear, into a mousehole, all rule the roast in their kitchens, and behave in the most tyrannical manner to us poor weak females. Against people who are armed, they never make war; it is only the unarmed whom they encounter. Our country is, for that reason, exposed to continual ridicule, and the rapacious incursions of our neighbors. In the adjoining State, to which we are obliged to pay tribute, the men are quite otherwise disposed; they never engage but with an armed enemy, never rule but abroad, and at home they are all submission and obedience."

I was astonished at, and admired, this woman's understanding, and was fully sensible that she deserved a better fate. In the course of time, after I had acquired a more accurate knowledge of the natural disposition of these people, I could not but acknowledge that what she said was perfectly true; for we may see, by thousands of examples, that *Hercules* was not the only person

who trembled at his wife's slipper, but that it is commonly the fate of all the greatest heroes to submit patiently to the tyranny of the fair sex; while, on the contrary, the greatest cowards, who, like the *Bostaukians,* have their hearts in their breeches, are heroes of the kitchen. This nation is under the protection of the neighboring State, and on that account pays it an annual tribute.

I took my departure from this land in another boat, and proceeded to *Mikolak,* where, when I got ashore, I missed a frock-coat that I had with me when I entered the boat. After I had for a long time in vain disputed with the ferryman, who obstinately denied the theft, I went to the magistrate of the town, and represented to him that I was at least jusified in demanding my own again, alhough they denied me the right of prosecuting the ferryman for the coat committed to his charge, and which was stolen. But the magistrate not only remained steadfast in his refusal, but required even that I should be punished for bringing a false accusation. In this doubtful case, the Senate called for witnesses; but as I was not able to produce any, I proposed that the ferryman should be put to his oath to prove his innocence. The Sheriff smiled at this, and said—"In this country, my friend, no religious attestation is at all admissible; the laws are our gods. For that reason, evidence of this nature must be produced in a regular and legal manner, either in writing or by means of witnesses. They who cannot bring either of these forward, not only lose their cause, but are condemned at the same time as false accusers. Prove the case by evidence, and you shall get back your property." Thus I lost my cause for the want of evidence; but I pitied, on this occasion, not so much myself, as the condition of this State. For I clearly saw, from this circumstance, how slender are the rights of society, when they are merely founded upon human laws; and how little solidity is there in the political structure that does not rest upon the basis of religion. I tarried here for the space of three days, but lived in continual fear. For notwithstanding the laws are excellent, and crimes are punished with the utmost severity, yet there is not, nor ever can be, any security hoped for in a country where no religion exists, and where the inhabitants are not scrupulous about committing every sort of crime, merely because they were enabled to conceal them.

From this country of atheists, I passed over a very lofty, steep, and craggy mountain, and arrived at *Bracmat,* which lies in a valley at the foot of the mountain. The inhabitants of this city are Juniper-trees. The first whom I met rushed upon me with

the whole weight and force of his body, so that I fell backwards with a terrible shock; and on my demanding to know the reason of such a salute, he begged my pardon in a very polite manner, and in the most elegant and polished phraseology I had ever heard. Immediately after this came a second, holding in his hand a hedge-stake, which he pushed against my side with such violence, that I really thought I was hipshot; and he, in like manner, apologized for his improvidence, in a speech as subtle as it was amplified. I thought that this nation must be blind, or at least purblind, and therefore carefully made way for every one whom I met. But this defect arises, as I afterwards learned. from a too quick sight, which some of them possess, and in consequence of which they can discern objects very plainly at a distance which nobody else can see; but, on the other hand, are incapable of seeing anything that is immediately under their noses, or close to their feet. These keen-sighted people are generally called *Makkatti,* and for the most part apply themselves to the study of astronomy and transcendental philosophy. For any terrestrial occupation, they are, in consequence of their piercing sight, almost entirely useless, because they only see through the very smallest trifle, and are, on the contrary, completely blind to every thing one can touch or feel. The State, however, employs them to examine the metal-mines: for, as indifferently as they see things upon the earth, just as particularly well are they capable of discerning everything in the interior. I remarked, on this occasion, that these people, who are blind from being too hawk-sighed, would see better if their eyes were not so keen.

After having, with much difficulty, crossed a very steep mountain, I arrived in *Mutac,* the capital of which country has the appearance of a forest of willows, for all the inhabitants are Willow-trees. On reaching the market-place, I perceived a fine, well-grown young man, who was the picture of health, sitting upon a close-stool, and humbly imploring the Council, which was there assembled, to show their commiseration. When I inquired what was the meaning of all this, I was answered, that the young man was a malefactor, who was going to take today his fifteenth dose. Counfounded at this answer, I went away, to endeavor to get from my landlord some elucidation to these obscure and enigmatical words. "We, here," said he, "are entirely unacquainted with flogging, branding, hanging, and such-like punishments, with which criminals in other countres are chastised; that is to say, because our intention is not so much to punish, as

to correct and reform, the guilty. The malefactor, whom you lately saw seated upon the close-stool, is a pitiful author, whose maggot for writing neither the interdiction nor admonitions of the Senate have been able to drive away or destroy, and he is now, on that account, undergoing public punishment or cure. The judges of the city, who are all doctors of physic, hit upon this method of tormenting him with one laxative after another, until the maggot leaves him, and he cease to write." A few minutes after, I came to the Apothecaries' Hall, and perceived there, to my utter astonishment, several earthen pots and jars set up in a row, with the following inscriptions on them:—*Avarice-power; Unchastity-pills; Salve for Inhumanity; Lenitive, or Qualifying Drops, for Pride and Arrogance; Bark against Luxury and Voluptuousness, etc.* I cannot describe the giddiness with which I was seized on beholding these quacks' and jugglers' tricks. But I thought I should have gone completely beside myself on seeing some bundles of manuscripts bearing the following titles:—*Magister Pisago's Sermons, which, if read in the morning, occasion Six Stools; Doctor Yukesi's Instructive and Entertaining Reflections, which promote Sleep, &c.* I looked upon this nation to be remarkably and preposterously silly; but in order to prove more fully the power and efficiency of these medicaments, I opened the first of these books. It was so stupid, dull, and insipid, that I yawned before I had read the first page; as I continued, however, to read, I felt a violent twisting and griping in my bowels, and before I had finished the second page, I was as full of wind as a person need desire to be; but for the rest, as I was fresh and healthy, and in no wise relaxed in my body, I gave immediate vent to it, and hurried out of the place. From this I remarked, that there was nothing in the world which was entirely useless, and that even the most pitiful and insipid writings were serviceable in their way This proved to me that these people, although of a very extraordinary kind, were not completely stark mad. Mine host assured me, that he had formerly been terribly tormented with sleeplessness by night; but that he was perfectly cured of it, merely and solely by reading *Doctor Yukesi's Reflections;* "for this book," said he, "was so powerful and so efficacious a remedy, that it would even have lulled vigilance and wakefulness themselves to sleep. On hearing these and other remarks, my head was filled with the strangest and most surprising thoughts: but in order not to be interrupted in my original design, I quitted this land in the greatest haste; which

proved very fortunate for me, as new peculiarities and wonders, that I met with in those which I afterwards visited, did not allow me much time to consider them. But when I had finished my travels throughout this planet, and reflected with deliberation on the *Mutaccian* philosophy, it appeared to me that the science of medicine, which was practised among the *Mutaccians,* was not to be entirely condemned. For I have often experienced, that we, here in Europe, have numbers of books, that in like manner affect the reader with nausea, drowsiness, and a laxity of body. But as to what concerns the disorders of the mind, I am not exactly of the same opinion as the *Mutaccin* doctors, although I allow that there are certain body infirmities which are confounded with those of the soul.

On leaving this country, I crossed over a flame-coloured lake, and arrived in *Mikrok.* I was desirous of entering the city which bears the same name, but, to my surprise, I found the gates locked. I remained a considerable time before the drowsy guard thought proper to take down the iron bars, unbolt, and open them. When I entered, I found that there reigned in the city the most profound quiet, except in so far that the snoring of the sleeping inhabitants made such a whizzing and humming in my ears, that I imagined myself to be arrived in the real abode of Somnus, which is described by the poets. I thought to myself, O! that several of the burgher-masters, senators, and other suchlike honourable citizens of my fatherland, had been brought up here! how these men, who are so careful and solicitous about their ease and quiet, would have enjoyed themselves in tranquility and comfort in this most happy town! I noticed, however, from the signs and inscriptions against the houses, that the arts, trades, and professions, were here encouraged, and that many applied themselves to the study of jurisprudence. By the help of these signs, I found out an inn, but was obliged to remain for a long time on the outside, as the door was fast, and it was still night with the inhabitants, although the sun was high above the horizon. After knocking and kicking a long while with all my might, I was at last admitted. I was informed that day and night were here divided into twenty-three hours, whereof nineten were passed in sleep, and the other four in getting thoroughly awake. I concluded from this, that both public and domestic affairs must be very much neglected, and therefore requested that they would bring me, with all speed, whatever eatables were first at hand, for fear that night should overtake the cook in the midst of preparing the

dinner. But as everything here is performed without many ceremonies, and all superfluity is discarded, the short day of the *Mikrokians* is sufficiently long for the performance of their several occupations. After the repast was over, which was served up quicker than I expected, my host attended me about the town. During our perambulation we entered a church and hearkened to a sermon, which certainly did not last long, but was as energetic and as nervous as it was short. The orator never strayed from his text, used no circumlocution, no repetition, no redundancy; so that I found his discourse, on comparing it with the sermons of *Magister Peter,* which so often tired me, to contain much more than the very longest of his. The affairs of justice are disposed of in the same summary way. The pleading barristers say much in a few words, and the witnesses are immediately called and examined. I remember, among other things, a treaty on the occasion of an alliance that had been lately concluded between them and a neighbouring nation, which was drawn up in these words: — *"There shall be perpetual friendship between the Mikrokians and the Splendikians. The rivers Klimak and Mount Zabor shall be the boundaries between the States. Signed,"* &c. &c. In this wise, three or four lines with them, are sufficient to express that for which we require a whole volume. From this may be seen, that a person might come to the purpose with much less bustle and loss of time, if he only omitted all unnecessary circumlocution; and, like the way-faring man, would save half the distance by going in a straight direction. All the inhabitants in this country are Cypresses, and differ from other trees in having certain knots on their foreheads. These knots at certain times increase and decrease; and when their foreheads begin to swell, they, on the humours again subsiding to the eyes, are seized with a species of rheum or cold in the head, which announces the approach of night.

About a day's journey from thence lies *Makrok,* or, as its name denotes, *The Land of the Wakeful,* the inhabitants whereof never sleep. As soon as I had entered the town, I met a young person, who appeared to be in very great haste. I requested him, very respectfully, to have the complaisance to show me a decent inn; but he replied, that he was too full of business, and then went his way. All were in so great a hurry, that they did not appear to walk, but to run or fly through the streets and lanes, as if every one were afraid of arriving too late. I thought that a fire had broken out, or that some other great evil was brewing in the

town, and continued sauntering about by myself, until I at length came to a building which, from the sign of it, I knew to be an inn. Numbers of people were here running up and down the steps of the door in the greatest confusion, and some fell down upon the ground through sheer fright; so that I was obliged to wait nearly a quarter of an hour in the porch, before I could enter the house. I was immediately assailed with a thousand unmeaning questions. One asked me whence I came? whither I was going? how long I intended to stay in the town? Another, whether I would dine alone, or in company? in which room? the red, green, yellow, or the black room? up-stairs, or below in the parlour? and a great many others. The landlord, who at the same time was clerk to an inferior Court of Justice, went out to superintend the dinner; but quickly returned, and explained to me, with almost endless stances in a law-suit, which had already lasted ten years, and was now going to be argued before the fourteenth Court. "I hope," said he, "that in the course of two years more, it will be terminated; as there are now only two more tribunals, before no further appeal can be made." He left me much surprised at his speech, which was sufficient to prove to me that this nation was very busy in doing nothing. While he was absent, I took the opportunity of looking a little about the house, and perceived a collection of books, which, to judge from the number of volumes, was very considerable; but in regard to their contents, extremely jejune and insipid. Among the folios, which were elegantly bound, I remarked the following:—

1. Description of *St. Kate's* Church, 24 volumes.
2. Siege of the Fortress *Pehunk,* 36 volumes.
3. On the Use of the Herb *Slak,* 13 volumes, with many plates.
4. Funeral Sermon over the Sheriff *Jaksi,* 18 volumes.

As mine host had now again returned, he entered into discourse with me concerning the state of the City, from which I was led to conclude, that the drowsy *Mikrokians* effected much more than the wakeful *Makrokians;* as the first penetrate directly to the centre of any thing, while the latter only skim over the surface. These people are also Cypresses, and, if we except the knots on their foreheads, they differ very little in their outward form from the inhabitants of *Mikrok*. But they have no blood, or regular fluid, in their veins, like the other trees upon this globe; but, in lieu of it, they have a thick humour of mucus which possess-

es the same property as quicksilver; nay, some even maintain that it is quicksilver, as it produces the same effect as mercury in the thermometer.

After a journey of two days I arrived in the republic of *Siklok*, which consists of two closely-allied States, that have very opposite laws. The first, which is called *Miho*, was founded by *Mihak*, an ancient and celebrated law-giver and the subterranean *Lycurgus*. He strove principally, by the introduction of frugal measures, to strengthen the State, and rigorously forbade all prodigality. This province deserves, for that reason, and on account of its abstemioeusness and frugality, to bear the name of *New Sparta*. But I was much surprised to find so many beggars in so well regulated a State, that seemed to pride itself so much on its excellent laws; for which way so ever I turned myself, I was sure to see a tree asking charity; so that travelling here was extremely unpleasant and irksome. When I had more narrowly looked into the condition of this country, I discovered, that the abstemiousness of the inhabitants was the true source of all their misery; for as all pomp, excess, and profuseness, are banished, and the rich are not suffered to enjoy their riches, the common people sleep away their lives in indolence and extreme poverty, as they have no employment by which they can earn any thing. I was convinced from this, that penuriousness and too much frugality produce the same effect in a State, as the stagnation of the blood in the human body.

In the second province, *Liho*, the people, on the contrary, live in great affluence, and spare no expense in gratifying their appetites and desires, and indulging their humours. For that reason the arts, sciences, trades and professions, flourish everywhere: the citizens are encouraged to work; whereby they not only avoid the sufferings of indulgence, but even very often enrich themselves; and if any are reduced to extreme want, it is always their own fault, for there is no lack of opportunities for each to earn his bread. Thus, the prodigality of the rich gives a kind of life to the whole State, in the same manner as the circulation of the blood affords health and strength to the members of the body. Adjacent to this country is *Lama*, the renowned seat of the science of physic. This science is cultivated here with so much attention, that no one is considered a legitimate doctor, unless he has studied at the University of *Lama*. For that reason the town swarms so with physicians, that it is much more rare to meet a man than a doctor. There are whole streets that are filled

with apothecaries' shops, theatres of anatomy, and manufacturers ofsurgical instruments. While I was once sauntering about the town, I met a little boy-tree, who was crying lists of births and deaths to sell. I bought one; and perceived, to my utter amazement, that in the preceding year one hundred and fifty trees were born, and that no less than six hundred had died. I was unable to conceive how Death could thus play his games in the temple of Apollo, and therefore asked the boy, whether there had not raged, in the preceding year, an unusual epidemic fever or pest in the town? He answered me, that two years ago the mortality was still greater; and that this was the ordinary proportion between the births and deaths, as the latter were usually three or four times as numerous as the former, because the inhabitants were continually liable to mortiferous diseases; so that the town, were it not annually to receive an addition of population from the provinces, would soon be empty. On hearing this, I considered it by no means advisable to remain here too long, and therefore made all the haste possible out of the town; and the more anxious was I to depart, as the very sound of the words, doctor and anatomical instruments, from the time that I was in the land of Philosophers, excited in me a constant horror. I set off running, and never slackened my pace until a small hamlet, which lay from the town at the distanc of about fourteen thousand steps, and where the inhabitants are not liable to any bodily complaints, and consequently have no need of doctors.

I continued my journey; and after the expiration of two days, I arrived in *The Land of Liberty*. The inhabitants in this country are their own masters, and consist of several families, who have neither magistracy nor laws. They compose, nevertheless, a kind of State; and in cases of emergency, which concern the whole, they hold consultations with the elders, who consistently advise peace and harmony, and they always endeavor to inculcate the first precept of nature:—*Do not unto others, what you would not that they should do unto you!* In every large, as well as small, town, stood the effigy of Liberty, carved out, treading under foot the bonds and chains of slavery, and over which was this inscription:—*Golden Liberty.* In the first town through which I passed, everything appeared very quiet; but the burghers wore certain bunches of ribbons, of various colours, that denoted the different parties into which the town was at that time divided. On the outside, before all the principal gates, sentinels were placed, all standing in order of battle; for the armistice was at an end,

and was to commence again the following day. In consequence of this, I fled in the greatest anxiety out of the place, nor did I consider myself entirely free and out of danger, until I had got out of sight of this *Land of Liberty.*

Not far from this country lies *Jochtana,* before which, in consequence of the description I had heard of it, I trembled with fear, as I expected to find everything there more turbulent, unsafe, and in more disorder, than in the *Land of Liberty;* since it had been related to me, that it was a rendezvous for people of every religion, and that all the learning, which was diffused throughout the whole globe, was here concentrated and taught publicly. As it then came into my mind, that commotions and disturbances are excited in most of the European States, through a diversity in religion, I scarcely durst venture to go into the capital, *Jochtansii;* where there were as many different churches, forms of worship, and sects opposed to each other, as there were public squares, streets and lanes. But my fears were soon abated, on my perceiving that the most perfect harmony reigned everywhere, unmingled with the least dislike or aversion. In worldly mattrs they were all striving for the same end; they had but one mind, one work, one repose. For as it is forbidden, under pain of death, that the one prevent the other in the free exercise of his religion, or that any choler or rsentment shall tak place among the sects of the obstinate or refractory literati, so there is a diversity of opinions without animosity, controversies without quarreling, and no hatred or malice; for there are no persecutions. There merely existed a perpetual, but at the same time decent and becoming, gown-mania among the different parties; for each sect strove, through leading an irreproachable life, and by an attention to good and inoffensive manners, to prove that their form of religion deserved the pre-eminence. In this wise administration of State, the Government took care that there was as little disorder occasioned by this diversity of religious opinions, as by the various shops in the market, or different manufactories, where they solely, by their good articles and superior workmanship allure customers, without fraud, sway, detraction, or aspersion. Thus all opportunity for dissension is prevented, and a decent and becoming gown-mania, which is so beneficial to a State, is kept up among the burghers. Hence may be seen, that it is not a diversity of religion, but a persecution of the conscience, that creates all the broils and commotions, which in this respect are prevalent in, and destroy the internal peace of, other countries.

A certain learned *Jochtaneser* gave me a very circumstantial account of this nation's manners, government, and the reason of the prevailing tranquility; to which I listened with much pleasure and attention, and imprinted all that he related deep in my memory. In the beginning, I made a number of observations and objections; but at length I found myself obliged to give up, in consequence of the superiority of his experience, by which he was able to prove, very evidently, his positions. As the truth appeared as clear before my eyes as the sun at noonday, and as I was not so immodest as to deny my own senses, I was compelled to allow that freedom of thought was the true basis on which this quiet and harmony rested. I had, therefore, a recourse to other weapons; and said that it was the duty of a legislator, on introducing any regulations into the State, to look more to the future than to the present happiness of the community, and not to mind so much what is of benefit or advantage to them in this life, but what is pleasing in the sight of God. To this he made the following reply:—"You deceive yourself, stranger! if you believe that God, the eternal source of truth, finds pleasure in dissembled worship and hypocritical adoration. In those nations, where all are compelled by law to believe one and the same thing, the door stands open to ignorance and dissimulation; for no one either will or dare discover his real opinion, but, on the contrary, will often acknowledge with his lips what his heart denies. Therefore the doctrine of Divine things is treated with so much indifference, and continues in its old way; no one gives himself the trouble to arrive at truth, and the priests themselves abstain from the study of theology, in order not to be branded with the name of heretic, and apply themselves to other sciences which they can cultivate with more freedom and less danger. Those persons are condemned, who swerve from the prevailing opinion; but dissemblers and hypocrites are abominable before the face of God, to whom an erroneous sincerity is more acceptable than a feigned confession of the true belief." When he had finished these words, I maintained a perfect silence, not daring and more to engage in a controversy with this acute and subtle people.

I had now spent nearly two months upon my travels, when I arrived at length in *Tumbak,*—a State adjoining the principality of *Potu,* and which I almost looked upon as my home; for here I perceived that my troublesome rambles were drawing fast to a close. The inhabitants, for the most part, are Olive-trees, and are a very devout and austere nation. In the first inn to which I

came, I was obliged, although half famished, to wait, notwithstanding my repeated requests, full two hours for my breakfast. The cause of this delay was the landlord's unseasonable devotion, which hindered him from attending to any of his duties until he had concluded his matins. These having been some time ended,

——he stalk'd in,
Pale-fac'd and grumbling, with his hand beneath his chin;
He brought a piece of bread, all green and blue with mold,
And eke some carrion lamb, not quite a fortnight old.

But for this breakfast I was obliged to pay exorbitantly; and can affirm, that I never in my life met with so devout, at the same time so unconscionable, a landlord as this. I therefore thought to myself, that it would be better, if they were a little more sparing in their prayers, and a little less niggardly in their acts of charity and benevolence; but I kept dissatisfaction to myself, and stifled my anger, well knowing that nothing is more dangerous, than to provoke heavenly-minded people. All the burghers of this town were rigid moralists and of manners rebuking Catos. They sauntered about the streets with their heads hanging on their branches, preaching against the pomp and vanity of this wicked world, and condemning every one, who enjoyed even the most innocent pleasures, to the bottomless pit of hell. They vilified everything with the most rigid austerity, even to looks and smiles; and by an incessant inveighing against the conduct of others, they got the apellation of saints. As I was completely wearied out with the troubles and difficulties I had endured, and felt inclined to cheer my spirits and recruit my strength a little with innocent amusements, I was reproved for it throughout the whole town, so that every house seemed to be a confession-chair.

Several among them, when they saw that neither their admonitions nor reprehensions had any effect upon me, shunned me as they would poison or the plague. Not to detain the reader much longer with a description of this austere, gloomy, sullen, and morose people, I will only quote one example more, which is a true picture of their character, and from which a person will easily imagine to himself all the rest.—A *Tumbakker,* whom I had known before, and with whom I was on terms of friendship at *Potu,* saw me by chance passing a public-house, and invited me in. As he had heard that I was accustomed to pamper and indulge myself a little, he reproved me with so much anger for my conduct and way of life, that my hair stood on end, and every limb of me began to tremble. In the meantime, while this my Cato was ful-

minating against me, we took a friendly glass together, and then a second, a third, and so on; until both our heads became so heavy, that we fell over backwards upon the floor, and were carried home half dead. When I had slept off the effects of his debauch, and had again recovered my reason, I reflected seriously on the religious zeal of this fantastic nation, and was convinced in my own mind, that such-like half fervour ought to be attributed to the bile and ill-humours, rather than to religious feelings. Meanwhile I considered it advisable not openly to declare this opinion to any one, and therefore quitted the place in silence.

(Klim returns to Potu, the Prince orders his journal to be printed, and the Potutites "discovered so much taste in my travels, that they were never tired of reading them." Subsequently, Klim offends the Prince, and is banished to the Firmament; given the alternative of begging the Prince's pardon for remission of the sentence, Klim, having become bored, elects instead to serve his banishment.)

I have hitherto mentioned nothing concerning the very wonderful banishment to the firmament, which, as a punishment, is put in practice by the Subterraneans; I will, therefore, here, as the most suitable and convenient place, give the reader an idea of the voyage. Twice in the year some extraordinary large birds, which are called *Kupakki*, or *Post-birds*, regularly make their appearance. As they are in the habit of coming and going at certain fixed periods, the reason of these their punctual arrivals and departures has for a long time racked the brains of the subterranean naturalists. Some are of opinion, that certain insects, or commonly large flies, whereof at that season of the year there are vast multitudes, and to which these birds are particularly partial, entice them down to the planet; and this conjecture seemed to me not so very absurd. The circumstance, that the birds, on the disappearance of the flies, wing their flight immediately back to the firmament, puts the matter almost beyond a doubt; and that the like may really happen by a certain instinct, is proved by the example of other birds, which at appointed times, without doubt for the same reasons, make their appearance in certain countries. Others believe, that these birds are trained and exercised in such a manner, by the inhabitants of the firmanent, that they, like falcons and other birds of the chase, may be dispatched to other countries to fetch booty or prey. This opinion is grounded upon

the great caution and dexterity with which they, after having performed the journey or voyage, set down their booty or passengers upon the ground. From other circumstances also, the Subterraneans come to the conclusion, that the birds must either be trained up by art, or they must be endowed with reason. Towards the time, for example, of their taking their departure, they become so tame and fondling, that they suffer nets and snares to be thrown over them, under which they remain perfectly quiet and almost immoveable for the space of several days. During this time, the inhabitants feed them with the insects whereof mention has lately been made, and of which they take care to collect beforehand a large stock; and soon continue to amuse and detain them with this food, until everything is ready for sending the exiles away. The usual preparations made on these occasions are the following:— A kind of trough or oblong case is tied with rope fast to the snares wherein the birds are fixed. One of these cases is exactly large enough to contain a tree or man. When the time is arrived for their departure, and they find that they are supplied no longer with insects, they soar aloft, and fly through the air towards their home. In this manner was the wonderful traveling equipage disposed, which I and other prisoners were obliged to make use of in order to arrive in the other world.

Besides myself, there were two burghers from *Potu,* sentenced to banishment for other crimes, to be sent at the same time. One of these was a metaphysician, who had transgressed the laws, in disputing concerning the essence of the Supreme Being, and the nature of ghosts. He had once, for this audacity, made an atonement by undergoing the punishment of phlebotomy; but as he was very soon after found guilty of the same crime, he was condemned to be banished to the firmament. The other was a fanatic, who, by casting a doubt upon the holiness of religion, and the obligatory power of the civil law, seemed as if he were inclined and endeavouring to subvert both. He would not conform to the public regulations, because all civil obedience, as he said, was repugnant to his conscience. His friends strove, by all the means in their power, to persuade him to lay aside his caprice, representing to him how many errors chimerical revelations are liable to; how often zeal, conscience, and divine inspiration, are confounded with density of blood and corrupt humours; how absurd it is for a person to appeal to his own inward conviction; and how unreasonable it is to wish to make one's own feelings the guilt for others in what they ought to believe, as they might

insist upon the same right, and set conscience in opposition to conscience. They proved to him, that no one who obstinately maintained the principle that every one should regulate himself according to his own caprice, either could or ought to enjoy the prerogative of a freeman, as it is the duty of every good citizen to obey implicity the laws of the country; and such obedience a fanatic, who, in all civil affairs, makes his own feelings his only rule, neither will nor can show. But as neither representations nor proofs had any effect upon the fanatic, he, as an obstinate and incurable madman, was sent into banishment. Thus were there three of us destined to make the same voyage; namely, a projector, a metaphysician, and a fanatic.

In the beginning of Birch-month we were taken out of prison, and conducted each to his appointed place. What became afterwards of my comrades I never heard; and I had enough to do to take care of myself, without troubling my head about others. As soon as I arrived at the place where I was to take my departure, I was immediately clapped into one of these troughs or cases, with as much victuals as I should require to keep life and soul together for the space of some days. Very soon after, when the birds found that nothing more was given them to eat, they quitted the planet, in the manner already described, and flew through the air with incredible velocity. It is generally thought, in the subterranean regions, that the distance between the planet *Nazar* and the firmament, is as much as five or six hundred miles: I cannot positively say how much time I spent on the way; but it seemed to me, that my aerial voyage lasted no longer than about four-and-twenty hours. After a pretty long and tedious silence, my ears were at length assailed by a confused kind of noise, whence I concluded that I must be near the land. I now remarked, that these birds were undoubtedly trained up; for they set down the case wherein I was picked, upon the ground, with so much care and so gently, that it did not receive the slightest damage. There crowded immediately around me an uncommon multitude of apes, which put me into not a little fear, as these animals, during my stay upon the planet *Nazar*, were continually my greatest torment. My surprise and amazement were much increased, when I heard them conversing together, and saw them advancing with measured step and clothes of many colours. From what I perceived, I concluded that these apes must be the inhabitants of that country; but as nothing, after being accustomed to so many incongruous and preposterous things, ought any

longer to appear to me novel or extraordinary, I again cheered my spirits, and especially when I beheld them approach and take me, their new guest, out of the case, with all the courteousness, civility, and politeness, that can possibly be imagined. So great was the ceremony on this occasion, that it could hardly, by any means, be surpassed, on the reception of the grandest ambassador extraordinary, or plenipotentiary, from the most potent monarch in our world. They placed themselves in a circle round me, and advanced one after another, each accosting me with the two words—*Pul asser!* When they had a great many times repeated this welcome, I at length replied to their salutations in the same manner; at which they all burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, and manifested, by their several ridiculous gestures, the inward pleasure they experienced, on hearing me pronounce their own words. I perceived immediately, that these inhabitants were fickle giddy, volatile, curious, inquisitive, and particularly loquacious. When they spoke, it sounded as if they beat on a drum, in so flippant and rapid a manner did the words, at a single respiration, roll out one over another. They were, in short, thoroughly the opposite of the *Potuites* in dress, manners, language, and shape of body. They appeared, at first, to be much surprised at my form; but that which particularly excited their wonder was, that I had no tail; for as none among all the irrational animals have so great a resemblance of mankind as apes, they would certainly have taken me for one of their species, had I been adorned with that posterior decoration; and the more so, as they remarked, that all the inhabitants who had hitherto arrived from *Nazar,* were so completely unlike themselves.

At the time that I arrived, it was everywhere high water, in consequence of the proximity of the planet *Nazar;* for, in a manner similar to the ebb and flood with us being attracted and ruled by the motion of the moon, the ocean in the firmament rises and falls in proportion to the planet's distance from it.

Soon after my arrival, I was conducted to a very magnificent house, the portico and hall of which were adorned with marble, and the rooms richly decorated with handsome looking-glasses, costly vases, and splendid carpets. At the door stood a sentinel, from which I concluded that the occupier muct be something above a common ape. He was, as I afterwards learned, neither more nor less than the burgomaster of the city. He was extremely desirous of being able to converse with men, and therefore engaged several masters immediately to teach me the language.

As I, at the expiration of a quarter of a year, could speak it pretty fluently, I hoped to acquire great esteem and admiration in consequence of my uncommonly shining abilities and excellent memory; but my teachers found me so stupid, and so dull of apprehension, that they lost all patience, and frequently threatened to leave me to myself. In the same way as I, upon the planet *Nazar*, in consequence of my bright and fertile genius, was ironically called *Skabba,* or the abortive, I, in this place, by reason of my very dull and heavy capacity, got the appelation of *Kakidoran* which signifies *stupid* and *hebatated;* for those persons only are here esteemed, who can penetrate into and immediately comprehend, a thing, and are capable of giving great loose to the tongue. While I was studying the ape-language, my landlord took me several times round in the city, where I in every part observed much profusion, splendor, and prodigality. It was with both danger and difficulty that we got through the multiplicity of wagons, coaches, lackeys, running-footmen, and apes, that swarmed in all directions. But this was nothing in comparison with the overflow and superabundance that prevailed in the capital, where, as a middle point, all the pomp and vanity which mortals were capable of devising or inventing, seemed to be concentrated. When I was completely master of the language, my landlord brought me to that city; as he hoped, through so novel and extraordinary a present, to insinuate himself into favour with a certain great senator. The government of that country is aristocratical; the State is governed by the great Council, and all the senators are of the ancient nobility. They who are of mean extraction, can never hope to obtain any employment or post higher than that of head-borough, city registrar, or recorder of a small town or province. Now and then they push the matter so far, as to get themselves appointed burgomasters; but, in such cases, particularly distinguished worth and merit are indispensable requisites. Through such means, my landlord had obtained his mayoralty; for he possessed so prolific a brain, that in the space of one month, he excogitated no less than eight-and-twenty projects; and although none of them were so contrived or disposed, that the execution thereof could in the smallest degree be of any benefit to the State, they nevertheless furnished proofs of that fertility of genius, by which he had raised himself to so great a dignity; since, in the whole subterranean world, projectors are nowhere so highly esteemed as they are here.

The capital of the republic is called *Martinia,* from which the

whole country takes its name. The situation of it is charming, the buildings magnificent; it enjoys a great deal of trade, and possesses an admirable naval establishment. In point of size, and the number of its inhabitants, it seemed, as far as I was able to judge, to be in no wise inferior to *Paris*. The crowd in the streets and lanes was so great, that we were obliged to fight our way through with our fists and sticks, in order to reach that side of the city where the president dwelt, to whom my landlord, the burgomaster, intended to make a present of me. Having at length arrived in the vicinity of that gentleman's house, my landlord went into the inn for the purpose of arranging his dress, that he might appear before his Excellency arrayed in a proper and becoming manner. There flocked immediately around him a whole host of servants, who are called *Maskatti,* or decorators, whom every body is in the habit of employing previous to entering any of the senator's palaces. These servants brush the clothes, take out any stains there may be upon them, and, with a wonderful dexterity, put everything immediately, that is in the least wise deranged, even to the folds of the coat, again into the most perfect order. One of these *Maskatti* ran directly to the burgomaster, drew his sword from the scabbard, and polished it very bright. Another busied himself at the same time with tying knots of ribbon of various colours round his tail; for nothing in the world seems to be of so much importance to these apes as the adorning of this part of their bodies. There were senators, and especially the wives of senators, who, on highdays and holidays, were not able to adorn their tails for a less sum than a thousand rix-dollars of our money. The third *Maskatti* had a pair of compasses, with which he measured the clothes, in order to ascertain whether every part possessed its due and proper symmetry. The fourth attended with a bottle of kalydor, for the improvement of the complexion. The fifth passed his feet in review, and cut his corns in a very clever and chiropedistical manner. The sixth brought scented water, with which he besprinkled the burgomaster from head to foot, — and, in short, this one wiped him with a towel, that put the curls of his hair into order, while another held a looking-glass before him; and all this took place with the same care, exactness, and attention, that a geometrician in Europe is accustomed to observe in measuring and colouring his maps. Lord save us! thought I to myself; if so much care and pains be necessary for the smoothing, fashioning, painting, and polishing the gentlemen, what time and expense will there

not be applied in the ornamenting of the ladies! And certain it is, that the females of *Martinia,* in this respect, are not at all restrained within moderate bounds; but they, on the contrary, by means of so many paints and washes, endeavor to conceal their bodily imperfections in such a way, that, on approaching them, the nose is always compelled to atone for the pleasure of the eyes. For when the sweat and other cutaneous oozings get mingled with the paints and scented waters, it may be compared with the effect produced by a cook in mixing many kinds of soup together; — we know not of what the medley smells, we only know that it smells most noisomely offensive.

My landlord being polished, frizzled, painted, and adorned, in the manner already described, he took me, attended only by three servants, to the president's palace. As soon as he entered the ante-chamber, he pulled off his shoes, that he might not stain the marble floor. He was obliged to wait, in this condition, a full hour before his arrival was announced; and even then he did not gain admittance until he had made some few small acknowledgments, whereby a person in this country is necessitated to ingratiate himself with the servants. The President was seated on an elevated, handsomely gilt chair. On beholding my landlord and myself enter the room, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughing, and then put to us so many silly and firivolous qustions, that the prespiration started from my forehead in large drops. At every answer—

— Ay, even before the answer half was given,
He laugh'd as if his monkey-sides he would have riven.

I opined, since the State had elected such a fool for its president, — or even vice-president, — of the great council, that madness must here be looked upon as merit, and this idea I communicated to my landlord. But he assured me that this was a man who was generally acknowledged to possess very extraordinary and distinguished talents; and whose superior genius was manifest enough to everybody, from the innumerable occupations, of entirely different natures, which he, at so youthful an age, was capable of managing. His comprehension was so extraordinarily quick, that he, whilst at table with his glass in his hand, not only decided the most important affairs, but also, during dinner and supper, used to write a new ordinance between every law or statute. I took the liberty of asking, how long such an ordinance usually continued valid? "In general," answered my landlord "as long as until the council thinks proper to repeal it."

When his Excellency had been babbling with me for about half an hour, and had suffered his tongue to run with the same glibness as we are accustomed to find in that of an European barber, he turned to my landlord and said, that he would take me as one of his servants, since he had perceived, by my very slow conception, that I must have been born

In Stupidity's land, where my tutors were asses,
And where dull apprehension for cleverness passes;

and that I was consequently disqualified for every important employment. "I have also clearly enough," said my landlord, "perceived in him a certain innate sluggishness; but if he only have time allowed to consider a little within himself, he judges of a matter by no means so foolishly." "Yes, but of what service is that?" answered the President; "Here we want adroit people in office, as the multiplicity of business admits of no tardiness or delay." When he had uttered these words, he began attentively to examine my bodily strength, and commanded me to lift a tolerably heavy weight from the floor. As I did this without any particular trouble, he said — "Nature, which has been so sparing in regard to the faculties of your mind, has compensated you in this manner, by granting you corporeal power." I was then ordered to withdraw, and remain a few minutes of the outside, where I was received by the servants with all possible politeness; but at the same time was wofully importuned by their incessant chattering, that I was at last completely at a loss what answer to make; and notwithstanding I invented many things in my perplexity, still I could not satisfy their curiosity. At length my landlord returned, and informed me that it had pleasd his Excellency to admit me among his attendants. From the preliminary discourse of the President, I was able in some measure to judge, that the appointment I had obtained was not of very great importance; conjecturing, that it must either be that of porter or major-domo; but on asking my landlord what the office really was, he answered me — "His Excellency, as a particular mark of favour, has appointed you his principal chairman, with a yearly salary of five-and-twenty *Stercolates*, (*a Stercolate* in *Martinia* is equivalent to about two rix-dollars,) and besides has promised, that you shall not perform this service to any other than himself and her Ladyship, his spouse." This answer was a thunder-clap to me. I represented to my landlord, in the most pathetic and forcible manner, how unjust it was to appoint a free-born being descended from the human race, to such an employment; but the

servants, who flocked around me in troops, and were near killing me with their extravagant congratulations, interrupted my discourse. As all *Martinians* are giddy, trifling, and talkative, they never think for an instant of what they have uttered, and keep their tongues incessantly running. I was at length conducted into a small apartment, in which stood the supper ready served up; and, after partaking of a moderate repast, I retired to the chamber destined to be my lodging-room.

I got immediately into bed; but, on account of the commotion in my mind, I was not able once to close my eyes. At the haughtiness with which these apes regarded me I grew almost frantic, and it actually required a Spartan patience to put up with this derision. I bemoaned my unhappy fate, which appeared now much harder than when on the planet *Nazar*, saying to myself — "If the great *Kadoka*, Lord Chancellor in the principality of *Potu*, were to come here, this most excellent and worthy man, who requires a whole month to make a decree, would hardly be taken any notice of. And how would matters go with *Palmka* in this country, where the senators compose laws and couch them in writing over the bottle?" After serious reflection, I was convinced that I had quitted the land of wise men, and was arrived in the abode of fools. Wearied out with these considerations, I fell at length into a profound sleep. How long I enjoyed this repose, I am not able exactly to say, as there is here no difference betwixt day and night. It is never dark, excepting at a certain times, when the planet *Nazar* comes between the firmanent and the subterranean sun, which is thereby eclipsed. These obscurations are very remarkable, as the planet *Nazar*, which in its orbit passes pretty near the firmament, covers entirely with its shadow the disc of the sun. In consequence of the continual shining of this bright luminary, there is here no change of seasons. The inhabitants have, therefore, a varity of contrivances; as, for example, shady groves, refreshing walks, and caves below the ground, to shield them from the oppressive and unpleasant heat.

I was just awake, when an ape, who called himself my colleague entered my room, having in his hand some ribbon and a false tail, which he very dextrously adjusted to my posterior, to give me as much as possible the appearanc of the other apes. He then told me to hold myself in readiness, as the President, in the course of half an hour, was to be carried to the Academy; to which he, together with the other senators, was invited to a public program. It was a doctor's promotion, which was appointed

to take place at fourteen o'clock in the forenoon. I must here remark, that although there is no difference betwixt the days and nights, the latter being always light, the former are nevertheless divided, with the help of clock-work or sand-glasses, into certain hours, half hours, and quarters, so that the day and night contain two-and-twenty *Martinian* hours. If it should ever happen, that all the clocks of the town at once stood still, it would be impossible for the inhabitants to know how the time went, until they got them again regulated according to those of some other place; for sundials they have none, nor can they ever have any, because, the sun being always in the zenith, and the rays consequently falling perpendicularly, there is no shadow; and where there is a well dug, it is light all over. The year is determined according to the course of the planet *Nazar*, which goes round the sun in just one half of the time that the firmament does.

At fourteen o'clock, we carried his Excellency in a gilt sedan-chair to the Academy. On entering the auditory, we beheld several doctors and magistrates seated in methodical order. As his Excellency passed, each rose from his seat and turned his tail towards him. This is considered a mark of respect; and for this reason so much care is taken to ornament their tails. These inverted salutations naturally appeared to me very absurd and ridiculous; for the turning of the back upon a person, is a mark, with us, of indifference and contempt; but every country has its manners. The afore-mentioned doctors and magisters were sitting on both sides of the auditory; and at the furthest end, directly facing the bar, was a pulpit, wherein he who was to take his degree was standing. Previous to the act of promotion, a disputation was set up, of the following title: — *Physical Inaugural Dissertion,* wherein the most important proposition — *Whether the Humming and Buzzing Noise of Flies and other Insects, be made with their Mouths or their Rumps?* - was exposed to consideration and demonstrated. The President had undertaken to support the first opinion; but his opponents disputed it with so much warmth, that it was feared that this wrangling would at last terminate in a sanguinary fray; to which it certainly would have come, had not the council risen, and with its authority damped the outbreaking quarrel. During the disputation, there was a continual playing upon flutes. The musicians managed the course of the debate, by sounding, in order to animate the disputants, when they began to flag, hard and violent notes; and when their rage was getting to too high a pitch, soft and enchanting tones were

sent forth from the instruments, by which it was immediately appeased. Very frequently, however, such-like means have no effect. For it is difficult to let one's-self be directed when matters of importance are treated on; of which we have sufficient proofs in our world, where the disquisition and demonstration of intricate and complex propositions put the blood into a no less state of ebullition. In the meanwhile, this quarrel, which at one time assumed an appearance of murder and bloodshed, terminated with mutual eulogies and congratulations, in the same manner as in our Academies, where, according to an anciently-allowed-of custom, the President always quits the rostrum victoriously.

The disputation being ended, the act of promotion took place with the following ceremonies: — The candidate was seated on the floor in the centre of the auditory, where three vergers, or officers of the Academy, advanced with measured step, and threw over him a pail of water; they then perfumed him with incense, and gave him a diuretic, an emetic, and a cathartic. This they performed with all possible solemnity and reverence; and then bowing down their heads, they proclaimed him a worthy and lawfully created doctor. As I was extremely astonished at these strange and extraordinary ceremonies, I turned to a learned ape, who was standing by my side, and asked him the signification of what I beheld. He pitied my gross ignorance, and said, that the water, incense, emetic, &c., signified, that he should be cleansed from all the old stains and impurities belonging to the commonality, before he entered on his new and exalted way of life. On hearing this, I was much provoked at my own stupidity, and filled with admiration, I ventured not to ask another question, in order that it might not be observed that I had never till then been among decent people.

The ceremony being now ended, an alarm was sounded, of drums, fifes, and trumpets. The new doctor left the auditory in a green gown, with a belt round his body, and was followed home by the whole learned troop; but as he was only of common extraction, he was not carried in a sedan, but drawn in a cart, by two running-footmen dressed in long kirtles, the wrong side before. The solemnity terminated, as usual, with a sumptuous banquet, at which all the guests got completely drunk; for they partook so freely of the bottle, that the greatest part of them were carried home in a state of intoxication, and were for some days after obliged to take medicine in order to get themselves to rights again; so that through the whole drama there was

nothing performed, from beginning to the end, but what was perfectly solemn; and I can affirm, that I have never witnessed a more regular academical promotion, or seen a candidate admitted to a doctor's degree in a more lawful manner, in our world.

In their courts of justice they decide matters with wonderful celerity; so that I really could not sufficiently admire the easy and quick comprehension which is peculiar to this people. Very often the judges rise long before the advocates have done speaking, and come to a decision so quickly and with so much elegance of language and gracefulness of manner, that it is quite a pleasure to hear and behold them. I used frequently to attend these courts, in order to acquire a knowledge of the *Martinian* mode of legal procedure In the beginning, the verdicts appeared to me always just and grounded on natural equity; but on closer consideration, I found them so unjust, foolish, and contradictory, that I would much rather let the issue of a cause depend on the cast of a die, than leave it to the decision of the judges of *Martina*. Respecting the laws I can say nothing, on account of the mutability to which they are subject; for both the law and equity of the country are here yearly altered, in the same manner as old fashions are abolished and new ones introduced, so that many are punished for actions which were not prohibited when they committed them. For this reason, appeals are made from the lower to the higher courts, as it is hoped, that during the course of the process the law applicable to their case may be repealed. This fault arises from the too hasty manner in which these laws are drawn up. Add to this, that this nation has so great a relish for everything which is novel, that it is disgusted even with the most beneficial laws and regulations, as soon as they become old. I observed the same fickleness in regard to dress and armaments.

The advocates are here very highly esteemed for their subtle manner of disputing. There are some, who know how to manage matters so well, and to extricate their clients from the greatest difficulties, that they never undertake any other than doubtful and unjust causes, in order to prove their address, and to show how ingeniously they can change black into white. The judges are glad to see an unjust cause defended with sublety and acuteness; and provided the process be only conducted with every formality, they are perfectly satisfied. On such occasions, they are accustomed to say—"We see and know that the cause is unjust, but since it is defended with so much skill and legal ingenuity, we

cannot omit, in consideration of the barrister's assiduity and diligence, to swerve a little from the rule of justice."

The doctors of laws give instructions in their science at different prices, according to the nature of the case Those, for example, who teach how to plead and gain unjust causes, receive twenty *stercolates;* and those, on the contrary, who teach the pleading of just causes, take only ten. The formalities of the law are so many and so tediously prolix, that a person, through the prodigious number of laws and ordinances, accumulated one upon another, can never come to the bottom of this science; for in consequence of the extraordinary acuteness, quickness of apprehension, and penetration, of the *Martinians*, they nauseate everything that is simple and perspicuous, and have only a relish for that which is subtle, intricate, and confused.

The same holds good in respect to their religion, which is by no means practical, but merely speculative. Thus have they two hundred and thirty different opinions as to what form is to be ascribed to the Almighty; and three hundred and ninety-six regarding the nature and properties of the soul. The *Martinians* never go to church, or into any theological college, for the purpose of hearing anything instructive or edifying, or to learn how to live and end their days correctly; but merely to hear with what ability and acuteness of judgment the religious orators express themselves. The more unintelligible the compositions are, the more are they eulogized; for the *Martinians* listen to no discourse with pleasure, unless it be incomprehensible.

They concern themselves not so much about the subject, as about the words; and their orators aim more at the use of elegant phrases and inventive and elaborate turns, than at well-grounded ratiocination and well-perpended proofs: striving, merely by harmonious periods, to tickle the ear, and gain the approbation and attention, of the audience. I therefore ventured not to mention a syllable here regarding the Christian religion; the doctrines of which are distinguished by evident simplicity, and plain and unembellished truth.

(Klim bcomes a Martinian nobleman, but he soon falls afoul of a young lady, and is presently once again banished to the "regions of Prodigies.")

We were invited to dine with the Inspector-general. There was, however, no table; for the *Picardanians* are not able to use chairs: the cloth was, therfore, laid in the middle of the floor. An abundance of costly and sumptuous courses were served up, but on

extremely small dishes: and as the kitchen was in the attic, four magpies came flying down with each course through an aperture in the ceiling. When the dinner was over, the Inspector-general showed us his library. It consisted of a tolerable large number of volumes; but of such diminutive sizes, that the largest folios were scarcely so big as a child's half-penny story-book. I could not forbear smiling, when I saw the librarian fly up to the highest shelves, to take down small volumes in octavo and duodecimo The houses of the *Picardanians* are not very unlike our own in construction and embellishments; excepting that the beds hang close under the roof, similar to birds' nests. Everyone will naturally wonder, how it is possible that magpies, which belong to the inferior kind of birds, are able to erect such immense buildings; but of its really being the case, I was fully convinced, by observing them work at a house, which they at that time were in the act of building There were on this occasion thousands of work-people in motion. The number employed, and the facility with which they fly, compensate in a great measure for their want of strength; so that they, in almost as short a time as we, can finish any building.

We could not enjoy the pleasure of seeing the lady of the Inspector-general, as she had just lain in; and it is not customary here for a ly'ng-in wife to make her appearance until the children are fledged but she would shortly venture out, her husband said; for the young ones began already to be beautiful and downy.

Our stay in this country was so short that I am not able to give a more accurate description of its condition, and of the character and manners of the inhabitants. Everybody's mind was in ferment and disquiet at the same time, in consequence of a war which had lately broken out between the *Picardanians* and their neighbours the *Fieldfares;* especially as, the day after our arrival, the news was brought, that the magpies were defeated in a great battle fought in the air; and the commanding General, on whom a court-martial was held, was sentenced to lose his wings, which is here looked upon as a dreadful punishment, and almost as great as the loss of life. As soon as we had disposed of our merchandise, we again set sail. Not far from the shore we perceived the sea covered with feathers, from which we were led to conclude that the battle between the magpies and fieldfares must have been fought over that place.

After a favourable passage of three days, we arrived in *Musicland*. As soon as the anchor was cast we went on shore. One of

our interpreters walked before us with a musical instrument, which in Europe is called a *bass-viol* This appeared to me exceedingly ridiculous, for I was unable to conceive for what purpose he carried this cumbersome burden. As we found all vacant and desolate, and saw not the least trace of a living creature, the Captain ordered the trumpet to be sounded, to give the inhabitants notice of our arrival; whereupon there came immediately running somewhere about thirty musical instruments, or bass-viols, each on one leg As upon the whole of my travels I had never met with anything so wonderful before, it seemed to me in the beginning to be nothing but witchcraft; but I soon remarked, that these *bass-viols* were the inhabitants of the country. On the top of a pretty long neck they had a very little head; the body itself was small, and incrusted with a smooth bark, which fitted, however, not tight to the carcass, but left a tolerably wide vacant space between. Over the navel they had a natural bridge, across which the four strings were extended. The whole machine rested on one leg; so that it may be said they rather hopped than ran, and they skipped with a wonderful agility across their verdant fields. In short, as to what regards their shape, one might certainly have taken them for real musical instruments, if they had not had two hands and arms. In the one hand they hold the bow, and the other is used for fingering with. When our interpreter wished to speak with them, he took the bass-voil, which he had with him, in the left hand, the bow in the right, placed himself in a proper attitude, and began to play. They answered immediatly by strokes of their strings; and, through performing thus by turns with each other, they came at length to a regular musical dialogue. In the beginning they played merely *adagio* with much harmony; but they got immediately upon discordant and jarring tones, which were grating and unpleasant to the ear; and at length they ended the music with a particularly lively and agreeable *presto*. As soon as our people heard this, they skipped and jumped with joy, saying, that the bargain for the merchandize was concluded. I learned afterwards, that the *adagio*, which they played in the beginning, was an introduction to the dialogue, and consisted in mere mutual compliments; afterwards, while the *dissonance* lasted, they were treating about the price: and at length the sweet-sounding *presto* signified that the sale and purchase were effected; for immediately after the vessel was discharged. Among other articles which are imported into this country, *Colophonia* is the most considerable, with which

the inhabitants smear their bows or speaking-tools. Great criminals are punished by depriving them of their bows; and to lose them for ever is looked upon as equivalent to punishing with death. As I was told, that a cause was to be tried in a court of justice in the neighborhood, I ran thither, in order once to witness a musical law-suit. The pleading barristers played upon their ventrical strings, instead of speaking, and as long as the cause continued nothing was heard but *dissonance;* so that their eloquence consisted in strokes with the bow and actions with the hands. As soon as the wrangling was finished, the judge rose from his seat, took his bow, and played an *adagio.* I remarked, that it was the sentence he pronounced; for there sprang forward immediately several officers of justice, and took away the bow from the malefactor who had lost the cause.

The children in this country have the appearance of those instruments which we call *fiddles.* They obtain no bow until they are three years old. On entering their fourth year, they are sent to school, to be instructed in fingering the strings and drawing the bow, which is here the same as teaching to read with us. They are not taken from school before they have learned to finger correctly, draw the bow without jarring, and are even able to compose a melody. We were excessively tormented by these children, who followed us everywhere with their music. Our interpreter, who understood the instrument language, told us, that these young bass-viols were begging for *colophonia.* All the time they begged, nothing was heard but a *grav tone* or an *adagio;* but when they get anything they played *presto,* by which they meant to express their gratitude. If they got nothing, their music ceased altogether.

As we had now arranged all our affairs according to our wishes, we quitted *Music-land* at the end of the month of *Cusan;* and after three days' sailing we descried the coast of a new country, which, in consequnce of the impure air that saluted our olfactory nerves, we concluded must be *Pyglossia.* The inhabitants of this country very much resemble human beings; the whole difference consists in their having no mouth, and therefore speak with that part which is turned to the South when the nose points towards the North Pole. The first person that came on board was a rich merchant. He saluted us, according to the custom of these people, with the other end, and began to speak about the price of our goods. While this lasted I kept myself at a respectful distance, as I had no particular relish either for the sound or the

smell of his discourse. But to my great misfortune and annoyance, our barber was sick at the same time, so that I was under the necessity of being shaved by a *Pyglossian;* and as the barbers here are just as talkative as those in Europe, he filled the whole cabin, while he scraped me, with so unpleanant an odour that as soon as he was gone, we were obliged to fumigate with all the incense which we had on board.

I was now become accustomed to things, which were both wonderful and supernatural, so that nothing appeared to me any longer either extravagant or preposterous. As, however, in conquence of this defect in nature, it was difficult as well as tedious to converse with these people, we endeavored by all the means in our power to accelerate our departure, and even weighed anchor somewhat before the appointed time; principally a rich *Pyglossian* had invited us to dinner. On the invitation being given, we all shrugged our shoulders, and no one seemed willing to accept it, excepting on the condition, that so long as the dinner lasted, there should be maintained at the table a perfect silence. When we sailed out of the harbour, there stood on the shore a multitude of *Pyglossians,* who in a strangely noisy manner wished us a good voyage; but as the wind blew from the land, we begged of them with looks and gestures to spare their congratulations; for politeness may be carried too far. The articles which the *Martinians* export to this place, are rose-water, balsam, and a variety of fragrant spices.

I have already remarked, that this people, in respect to the form of their bodies, resembled much the human being, except in so far that they spoke with that part whereon we always sit. On our earth, there is no lack of people, who, as well in dialect as in shape, perfectly resemble the *Pyglossians.* Thought I to myself, should *Jens Soerensen, Ole Petersen, Andreas Lorensten,* and other such like polite characters ,who, with cynical bluntness, give everything its proper name; and without shame or reserve, even in the company of females, manifest their corrupt and frivolous minds. I say, should these talkers of ribaldry and obscenity come to this country, they would be received with open arms. On account of the affinity of their language they would immediately obtain their burgher-right, and be looked upon as natives. For what matters it where the mouth is placed, when that which comes out of it

> Is a sounding stink, and a stinking sound,
> Which a dunghill discovers in mind and body?

From this place we steered our course for *Ice-land,* which was so dreary and so horrible to look at, that I thought it must be the most unhappy of all countries. It consisted of barren rocks, which were eternally covered with snow. The inhabitants, who are all of ice, dwell here and there, in clefts on the tops of the mountains, into which the rays of the sun never penetrate, and where, in black darkness, there reigns an incessant frost. The only light they ever have, is reflected from the glistening rime. The valleys are dried up and parched with smoke; they therefore never venture down into them, except in thick and damp weather, when the atmosphere is very foggy; and as soon as they perceive the smallest ray of the sun, they either suddenly return, or plunge themselves headlong into pits or caverns. It frequently happens, that on descending from the mountains, they melt on the way, or meet with some other misfortune. Criminals, for this reason, are conducted down in thick weather upon a sledge, and there bound to a stake until they are melted by the rays of the sun. This country produces every kind of mineral, excepting gold. These minerals are exported by foreign merchants in their crude state, as the inhabitants cannot bear heat, and are, therefore, unable to smelt the ore and manufacture the metals. It is supposed that the commerce of *Ice-land* brings in nearly as much again as all the other trade of *Mezendores.*

All these countries, whereof I have given a short description, are subject to the Emperor of *Mezendores* The seafaring people call them generally, on that account, the *Mezendorian Islands,* notwithstanding each of them has a particular name—as may be seen in this book of my travels. After a voyage of eight days, we arrived at the city where the Emperor resides, and there found in reality everything that the poets have written concerning the fellowship of animals, trees, and plants; for *Mezendores* is, as it were, the common father-land of all rational animals and vegetables. Every animal, every tree, can there obtain its burgher-ship, provided it submit to the government and the laws. One might be led to think that, in consequence of the mixing of such a multiplicity of differently-formed and heterogeneal beings, there must reign much confusion, broils, and disquiet. But so far is this from being the case, that, on the contrary, this variety produces the most happy effect; which may be attributed to their wise laws and regulations, by virtue of which all the subjects are appointed to such employments and occupations as, by nature and the peculiar faculties of the mind, they are best qualified to

perform. Thus, for example, in consideration of the innate magnanimity which is peculiar to lions, a *lion* is always elected Regent. *Elephants,* in consequnce of their acute judgment, are chosen members of the Council of State. *Cameleons* are selected as courtiers, because they are changeable, and know how to turn their coat according to the weather. The military consists of *bears tigers,* and other valiant and martial animals. The fleet, on the contrary, is manned with *oxen* and *bulls;* as seamen, generally speaking, are a plain and brave set of people; but hard, severe, inflexible, and, for the most part, not of particularly refined manners, and whose way of life is accordant with their element. For this reason, there is a school established, consisting of *calves,* or midshipmen, wherein these warriors are moulded, and from which all the naval officers are taken. The *trees,* because of their natural moderation and discretion, are commonly chosen as judges. The counsellors of the higher courts of justice are *geese;* and those of the lower courts, *magpies. Foxes* are selected as ordinary and extraordinary ambassadors, consuls, agents, and secretaries of legation. *Ravens* are generally appointed as dividers of inheritance, and commissioners for the effects of deceased persons. *He-goats* are philosophers, and particularly grammarians—partly on account of their horns, with which on the slightest occasion they are accustomed to gore their opponents, and partly in consideration of their venerable beards, which so manifestly distinguish them from all oher beings. The burgo-masters and aldermen of small market-towns are *horses.* Land and house-owners and farmers are *snakes, moles, rats,* and *mice.* For estafettes and couriers, *birds* are employed. *Asses,* on account of their frightful braying, are selected as parish-clerks. *Nightingales* are singers and flute-players, *cocks* are watchmen, and *dogs* are door-keepers. *Wolves* are commonly chosen as financiers, chancellors of the exchequer, and inspectors of the Customs, and *hawks* are their deputies.

By these excellent regulations, the public offices were correctly entrusted, and everything was performed pleasantly and in due order. For this reason, I consider that the government of *Mezendores* is a pattern by which all legislators, in the management of state affairs, ought to regulate themselves; for it is certainly not so much the stupidity of the subjects, that there are on other countries so many useless and unqualified placemen, but the fault arises from a want of judgment in those who appoint them. If care and prudence were always exercised in choosing persons to

fill public situations, and they were selected, not so much for their merits in general as for their distinguishd abilities and qualifications to hold this or that office in particular, then would all national business be well performed, and the State would incessantly flourish. How far such a regulation is beneficial, the following example will prove:—The *Mezendorian* annals mention, that about three hundred years ago, during the reign of the emperor *Lilako,* this law was repealed, and the public situations were given away at random, to all who had either done anything worthy of notice, or distinguished themselves by any particular virtue. But this distribution of offices at random occasioned so much disturbance and confusion, that in a short time it seemed as if the existence of the State was at an end. A wolf, for example, who had so admirably discharged the duties of the office of chancellor, requested, on the ground of this service, to be promoted to a higher dignity, and became in consequence a senator. A tree, on the contrary, who was known for his distinguished and acute judgment, became again a chancellor. By this inverted promotion two skillful and clever persons were rendered entirely useless to the State. And further, a *he-goat,* or philosopher, who, at the academy, had acquired the highest renown for his obstinacy in defending his positions, was so inflated with this honour, that he endeavoured for a higher post—namely, the first place at court which might become vacant, and he obtained it. On the other side, a *chameleon,* on the grounds of his good breeding and supple character, obtained a professorship at the academy, which he solicited on account of the stipend attached to it. Thus was the one transformed from an excellent courtier to a miserable philosopher, and the other from an excellent philosopher to a miserable courtier. For the firmness which he had exhibited in maintaining his opinions, and which had so much adorned the philosopher, now completely disfigured the courtier, as volatility, fickleness, and versatility, are cardinal virtues at courts, and a true courtier ought not to look so much at what is just, proper, and equitable, as at that which is secure; and must continually turn his coat according to the weather of the court. But that which is an imperfection or a fault at court, is just a virtue at the academy, where ardour and vehemence in maintaining one's opinion to the utmost, are looked upon as the greatest proof of learning and sedulity. In a word: through the repealing of this law, all the subjects of the empire, even those who were distinguished for the most rare talents and shining abilities, were rendered

completely useless, and the State began to totter. As everything was threatened with ruin and destruction, a particularly clever and intelligent elephant, of the name of *Bakkari,* who was Counsellor of State, stood forward, and with much warmth represented to the Emperor the miserable state of the country. His Majesty was convinced, resolved immediately to remove the evil, and went to work in the following manner: he did not at once discharge all the placemen,—for in that case the remedy would have been worse than the disease,—but, by degrees, as the offices became vacant, he transferred every one from the post where he was useless, to one where he could exercise his abilities to advantage. For the services which *Bakkari,* on this occasion, rendered to his fatherland, the beneficial effects of which were soon manifest, a public monument, after his death, was erected to his memory, and which may still be seen in the centre of the great square at *Mezendores.* From that time forward the ancient laws have been constantly held sacred.

Our interpreter assured us that this history was related to him by a *gander,* who was his most intimate friend, and was considered one of the most clever and skilful counsellors in the whole city.

In this country is found such a multiplicity of extraordinary and highly wonderful things, that the attention of the foreigner and traveller must thereby necessarily be attracted. The mere appearance of such a diversity of living creature, as *bears, wolves, geese, magpies,* &c., which walk through the streets and converse with each other, excite in every one, who has never beheld the like before, both pleasure and admiration. The first who came on board of our vessel, was a lean and hungry *wolf,* or inspector of the customs, who was followed by four *hawks,* or custom-house officers, whom we in Europe denominate *searchers.* These persons took of such articles as they liked the best, and gave us to understand, that they were not deficient in knowledge of their trade, and that they had every trick at the ends of their fingers. The Captain, with his accustomed politeness, took me with him on shore. As soon as we had set foot upon the bridge, we were met by a *cock,* who asked us whence we came, and the object of our visit, and then announced us to the Inspector of the Customs. He received us with much courteousness, and invited us to dine with him. The lady of the house, his wife, who, as I heard, was one of the greatest beauties among the female *wolves,* was not present at table.

The reason of this, as we afterwards learned, was the jealousy of her husband, who thought it not altogether advisable to allow so handsome a wife to be seen by foreigners, and especially by sailors, who, greedy and languishing in consequence of so long a fast, commonly, as soon as they get on shore, run after every woman and girl they see. There were, however, several other ladies at table, among whom was the wife of a certain Commandant: this lady was a white *cow*, with a few black spots. Next to her sat a black cat, who was the wife of the Head Forester to the Emperor, and was lately from the country. By the side of me sat a speckled *sow*, the wife of a certain Collector of Taxes; for this class of placemen is generally chosen out of the swinish multitude. She was certainly a little filthy, and had neglected to wash her hands—a case very common among that sort of people: but for the rest, she appeared to me exceedingly beautiful and very complaisant; for she frequently took meat from the dish and laid it on my plate. Every one was surprised at this extraordinary politeness, especially as swine do not always possess exactly the most elegant and polished manners. But I had much rather that she had not been quite so polite; for it was not particularly agreable to me to be assisted to victuals by the dirty hands of a *sow*. It must here be remarked, that the inhabitants of the empire of *Mezendores*, although in the form of their bodies completely resemble the brute creation, they nevertheless have hands and fingers on their fore-legs. As they are covered either with hair, wool, or feathers, they require no other kind of clothing. The rich, however, are distinguished from the poor by certain ornaments; as, for example, chains of gold or pearls, which they wear round the neck; and ribbon, which they, in a fantastical manner, wind round their horns. The wife of the Commandant had so many frills and knots of ribbon about her head, that it was with difficulty her horns could be seen at all. She made an excuse for the absence of her husband, who, she said, was obliged to stay at home, in consequence of a dispute in which he had lately involved himself, and was, therefore, necessitated to consult with two *magpies*, who, the following day, were to bring his cause forward before the tribunal.

After dinner, the speckled *sow*—the wife of the Tax-gatherer—had a private conversation with our interpreter, wherein she declared to him that she was deeply in love with me. He consoled her in the best way he could, promised her his assistance,

and then turned round and endavoured to prevail upon me to yield to her desires; but when I found that all his persuasive eloquence was of no avail, he advised me to flee without loss of time; for he well knew that this lady would move both heaven and earth to compass her design. From that day forward I remained continually on board, particularly as it came to my knowledge that an old gallant of the lady, a certain *studiosus philosophiale,* in consequence of jealousy, laid in wait to murder me. But the vessel herself was not a sufficient fence against this female's attack, who, first with verbal messages, then with billets-doux, and afterwards with elegies on love, strove to melt the ice which surrounded my heart. Had I not lost these papers in the ship-wreck which I afterwards suffered, I should here have shown several specimens of swinish poesy. But I have nearly forgotten the whole of it, with the exception of these few lines, wherein she exalts her form in the following style:—

O thou! for whom my soul doth always long,
Think me not ugly, neither think me wrong
In thus unbosoming my painful feelings,
While doom'd to breakfast on potato-peelings.
View me, my love, ah! prithee do not fail,
View me in front, then view me near the tail;
View both my sides, and eke my teats and chine,
And say, if e'er you saw a form like mine.
Perhaps you are in love, my dear, my life,
With Madam Cow, the toll-inspector's wife;
Or else, perhaps—ah, palpitating heart!
Whilst now I write, thou feel'st the poignant smart
Of disappointment throbbing in thy core.—
Thou know'st thyself how much thou dost adore!—
I say, perhaps—and when I've said all that,
You are in love with that malicious cat.
But leave the cat, the cow, and ev'ry tree,
And be in love, my young wild-boar, with me!

(The author's adventures now become somewhat repetitious and strained for novelty. He visits Quama, and soon is elected a monarch of the subterranean regions, and the remainder of the book is much given over to the "history" of the region. Eventually, however, he returns to Norway, marries, and lives a model if somewhat dull life thereafter—rigidly "pious and serious", becoming a sexton, which doubtless gave rise to the grave doubts on the part of his wife about a "confusion in his head.")

THE DEATH OF LOVERS

(From Baudelaire)

by Clark Ashton Smith

On couches full of perfumes faint and failing,
Divans profound as tombs, we shall recline,
Around us, with strange languid petals paling,
The flowers that bloomed where ampler heavens shine.

Our hearts, in their last love and ardor vying,
Shall flare to vast flambeaux before the end,
And in our souls' twin mirrors doubly dying
Their soaring flames, reflected, shall descend.

Some eve of rose and mystic blue shall brighten,
One golden flash between us twain shall lighten
Like a long sigh fraught with departure's sorrow;

And the angel who unbars the sepulchre,
Joyous and faithful, shall relume tomorrow
The tarnished mirrors and the flames that were.

ESCAPE

by Thomas H. Carter

What he saw was beauty far too bright,
her face a cold clear light
that froze away the endless years,
her smile a flame erupting fears.
Of that behind her crystal mask
he did not ask.
Instead he sought to gain
dead memory's guard for pain.
He would banish Spring
remembered in cold fire, lest it bring
too much of hurt. So in his embrace
he clasped her, he touched her face,
and from her ice-like smile he knew
her, and he smiled a grimace bitter, and withdrew
despairingly from humankind
into the cold terror of his mind.

SIDNEY SIME OF WORPLESDON

by MARTIN GARDNER

In his autobiography, *Patches of Sunlight*, Lord Dunsany records that after he completed his first book of fantasy tales, *The Gods of Pegana*, he could think of only two men he would like to have illustrate it.

> . . . . one of them I knew was dead and I did not know whether the others still lived or not. The two men that had so impressed me were Dore and Sime, and Mr. S. H. Sime was luckily not only alive in 1904 but is still alive today. This remarkable man consented to do me eight illustrations, and I have never seen a black-and-white artist with a more stupendous imagination. I think he is greater than Beardsley, and I do not know anyone now living who can bring such scenes of wonder down upon paper with lamp-black and Indian ink. Of course the gods and their heavens that he drew for me were totally different from anything that I had imagined, but I knew that it would be impossible to catch Sime's Pegasus and drive it exactly along some track that I had travelled myself, and that if it were possible, it could only be done by clipping its wings. So I left Mr. Sime to do exactly as he liked, and I think the eight pictures he did for my first book are among the most remarkable pictures of his that I have ever seen.

Patches of Sunlight was published in 1938. Four years later, Mr. Sime was dead, except for a narrow circle of ardent admirers, he died unhonored and unknown. The London papers did not mention his passing. And yet he was perhaps the greatest fantasy artist of modern times. His illustrations for Dunsany's tales and novels were so extraordinary that Frank Harris, in an essay on Dunsany and Sime (in the second series of his *Contemporary Portraits*) calls him "one of the greatest of living artists," and adds that "for sheer imaginative quality his best is without an equal in modern work."

One may question Harris' judgment that Sime "is a far abler man than the Irish lord," but no one familiar with Sime's work can fail to recognize his singular genius. His illustrations for Dunsany's *The Gods of Pegana, Time and the Gods, A Dreamer's Tales, The Sword of Welleran, The Book of Wonder, The Last Book of Wonder;* and many of Dunsany's novels including *The King of Elfland's Daughter* and *The Blessing of Pan,* are so convincing and satisfying in their bizarre beauty that one looks up from them with sudden shock to find himself back in what Dunsany liked to call "the fields we know."

Sidney H. Sime was born in 1867, at Manchester, England, of humble parents. In his youth he worked five years in the gloomy coal mines of Yorkshire, pushing a small "scoop", loaded with coal, along rails to the spot where it was hoisted upward. A number of horrible accidents occurred to fellow workers, and on one occasion he himself narrowly escaped death.

Haldane McFall, British art critic and author of an eight-volume *History of Painting,* writes of Sime: "The Manchester lad who began breathing in the bowels of the earth, must have already with grim Northern humor, been spinning dreams of Heaven and Hell before he came to the surface at the pit's mouth to try sign painting for a change." I do not know if Sime, like the miners in Louis Untermeyer's poem, prayed to the powers above to "fling us a handful of stars," but no one can deny the generosity with which Sime later flung them over his drawings—"blooming great stars" (to borrow a phrase from Dunsany) that glow with unearthly splendor.

After leaving the coal mines, Sime worked for a brief period as a linen draper's assistant and then a barber's apprentice (he did the lathering) before he took up sign painting as a trade. His facility in wielding the brush led him to enroll in the Liverpool School of Art, and finally to London.

It was 1893 when Sime as a young man first came to London. For many years he lived in shabby Bohemian garrets, ekeing out a meager living by peddling drawings to half-penny comic papers and cheap magazines. This early work was in conscious imitation of Beardsley, whom he greatly admired, and is about as valueless as the early amateurish work of Beardsley himself. The two never met, incidentally, though Sime made an effort to meet him on one occasion shortly before his fatal illness. Of Beardsley Sime has said:

> Beardsley's work was generally morbid, and he introduced often into his drawings more than a suggestion of pain and disease. But, apart from his temperament, his technique was extraordinary. I think he has influenced almost every man who is drawing today. The same, of course, may be said of Japanese art."

As Sime's skill improved, he began to break away from the Beardsley influence and his work took on a texture and richness all its own. But the impress of Beardsley, and of Japanese art as well, never left his work. William Blake was another artist much revered by Sime. In a letter to Frank Harris (quoted in *Co-*

temporary Portraits) he wrote:

> I hope I did not convey any idea that Blake is communicable. The interest of him to me lies in the fact that he isn't. It is one of my delusions that there is not any general truth or value outside the perceptive soul; no intrinsic values.
>
> Blake speaks like the wind in the chimney, which sings with all the voice of all dead poets and always sings the heart's desire without the bondage of words. The commentators will try in vain to pigeonhole Blake as they have failed with others, but they will throw their obfuscating mildew around his dim and unfinished statement without shame.
>
> Blake told his friend Butts that he was bringing a poem to town and what he meant by a poem was a work that intrigued and allured and satisfied the imagination but utterly confounded and bewildered the corporal sense.

By the late 1890's Sime's magazine drawings had become well known. His work included cartoons with gag lines, political satire, caricatures of prominent people (he did a famous series for the walls of the Yorick Club), and drawings of sheer fantasy and whimsy. I do not know if there are Sime collectors, but what a weird and wonderful collection could be garnered from the pages of British publications to which he sold! These magazines include *The Sketch, Pick-Me-Up, The Strand, The Tatler, Punch, The Idler, The Butterfly, Eureka, Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, Illustrated London News, The Queen, Pall Mall Magazine,* and *The Unicorn.* For a time Sime was publisher of *The Idler,* having purchased it with money left him by an uncle, but he was unable to make it pay, and finally sold it. He was also one of the editors of *Eureka.* Many of these magazine drawings, especially in *The Idler,* are pictures of high loveliness and grotesque humor. Of special interest to admirers of H. G. Wells are three illustrations for Wells' story, *A Vision of Judgment,* in the September, 1899, issue of *The Butterfly.*

Typical of Sime's quaint humor is a picture called *The Dream of the Woman of Char.* In it a charwoman tries desperately to scrub a mammoth stairway. Great clouds of suds billow from her hand as she discovers to her chagrin that the stair is made of soap! A lengthy series of cartoons, depicting amusing scenes from Heaven and Hell, won wide acclaim.

In addition to his black-and-white drawings, Sime also worked in oils and water colors, favoring landscapes of wild Scottish

and Welsh scenery. Scores of these strange, brilliantly colored paintings have been exhibited in London galleries, and I sometimes wonder how many are currently available, perhaps at ridiculously low figures, in the stock of London art dealers.

After 1904, when he began illustrating for Dunsany, Sime's fame and income increased enough to enable him to buy a public building on Worplesdon, which he converted into a home for himself and his wife. I have often fancied that he chose this area largely because of its outlandish name. A stable in the garden became an art studio. In a nearby village, his wife gave foxtrot lessons to the farm lads and lassies.

Frank Harris describes Sime, in this period of his life as:

> . . . . . a strongly-built man of about five feet seven or eight with a cliff-like, overhanging, tyrannous forehead. His eyes are superlative, grayish blue looking out under heavy brows, eyes with a pathetic patience in them as of one who has lived with sorrow; and realizes—"The weary weight of all this unintelligible world." From time to time humorous gleams light up the eyes and the whole face; mirth on melancholy — a modern combination.

A revealing statement made by Sime in an interview in 1905 was: "I owe everything to omniverous and indiscriminate reading. But perhaps if I mention Poe, Heine, De Quincey, it will give you some indication of my preference in literature. And Meredith—above all, Meredith."*

It was this same year, 1908, that Dunsany published *The Sword of Welleran* in which his story, *The Highwayman,* appeared. The story had a curious origin, and Dunsany tells of it in his autobiography.

> It came about like this: a man wrote to me to say that he had a picture by Sime that he had bought while up at Cambridge and that he now wanted to sell, but did not know how to do it, or what price to ask. I gladly bought the picture, and it was a picture in lamp-black and Indian ink of a man, much decomposed, hanging in chains, while three villainous people in ancient hats come by the light of such a moon as Mr. Sime draws best, apparently to cut the man down. In reality they were coming, as Mr. Sime told me later, to cut off the man's hand in order to use it for magic; but I took the view that they were his friends, and that they were coming for friendship's sake to give him decent burial. And so

*From *The Strand* article, previously cited.

I wrote a tale about human beings, and was delighted to find that I could do it.

In addition to being the Irish lord's first story about ordinary people, *The Highwayman* also was his first tale written to fit a Sime drawing. Later, most of the stories in *The Book of Wonder* were produced in this unusual manner. To return to the autobiography:

It happened like this: I found Mr. Sime one day, in his strange house at Worplesdon, complaining that editors did not offer him very suitable subjects for illustrations; so I said: "Why not do any pictures you like, and I will write stories explaining them, which may add a little to their mystery?" Mr. Sime fortunately agreed; and so, reversing the order of story and illustration which we had followed hitherto, we set about putting together *The Book of Wonder*. Some of Mr. Sime's drawings were finished pictures, others the faintest sketches on bits of paper, and one of them I think may have been inspired in its turn by the three travellers and their mule that came over the mountains in my tale of Bethmoora on their ominous journey to the Emperor Thuba Mleen. I had particularly asked Mr. Sime not to tell me what the pictures were about, and he only tried to explain one to me, but I could not quite follow. When I showed him a story and asked him if it accurately described what was going on in the picture he said: "It sounds extremely probable."

To describe those pictures would require another book, as long as *The Book of Wonder*, but I may mention that the illustration for the first tale, or rather the picture for which that tale was an illustration, showed an old woman sitting under a tree; but the tree was rather mineral than vegetable, for it was all full of stars, and was in fact an erect slice of a clear night, and was approached from an abyss by steps of stone, from which it was shut off by a gate. The old woman sitting at the foot of it has just uttered a cough to warn the man who is crossing the abyss by a fallen tree that he is being followed. The forest is full of cobwebs vaster than curtains, and the spider that follows the man, as he puts his great diamond down and turns round with his sword, is the size of one that could easily make such cobwebs. The picture is called The Ominous Cough. You can see by the old woman's face that she knows that her warning will be useless. One

> of the trees has shining windows in it, and a door, and so common a stove-pipe sticking out further up, that you know that after all it must be somewhere in this world. And now I have only described odd corners of that marvellous picture. The story, as I saw it, did not end happily. . . . .

All the tales in *The Book of Wonder,* with the exception of "The Wonderful Window" and "Chubu and Sheemish", were similarly inspired by Sime's pictures. Dunsany adds:

> . . . . . I think I was sometimes able to give a little of the feeling of Mr. Sime's worlds, as he, when he did the pictures in the more usual order, gave some of the feeling of mine; I think for instance I may have given some indication of the vastness of Sime's spaces when I told how the Old Man Who Looks After Fairyland "used to empty his slops sheer on to the Southern Cross."

Has Sime illustrated books other than those of Lord Dunsany? He has, and doubtless they are many, but the only ones I know are several Arthur Machen novels, and William Hope Hodgson's *The Ghost Pirates,* all of which contain, in certain editions, Sime frontispices. And there is a delightful book of nonsense rhymes for children called *Bogey Beasts,* published in 1893 by Goodwin and Tabb, Ltd., London. Sime wrote fifteen jingles for the book each about a rare, mythical beast, and the jingles were set to music by Joseph C. Holbrooke. A full page Sime drawing pictures each animal — the Caush, Seekim, Wily Grasser, Gorebobble, Oop Oop, Zoom, Nunk (the book's preface is by the Nunk), Two-Tailed Sogg, Iffysaurus, Snide, Pst, Moonijim Snaitch, Prapsnot, and the o-o.

In the *Fortnightly,* August, 1942, shortly after Sime's death there is a beautifully written tribute by Dunsany. I have space for only a few sentences:

> " . . there was in his pictures a sombre grandeur showing all the majesty of night or the mystery of dark forests . . . . . a doom seems often to haunt the glades of his forests, and sometimes seems to spread over the whole landscape, like a curse laid for a joke by a god whom nobody worships."

And yet his "sombre shadows . . . . . are always lit by the rays of his merry humor." Dunsany calls attention to Sime's sly little earthly touches. "Cliffs too vast for our world I have seen made terrestrial in one of his pictures* by a little iron clamp and a couple of screws fastened over a crack in the cliff . . . . . ."

*"The Edge of the World," frontispiece to *The Book of Wonder.*

Perhaps time will some day confirm Dunsany's estimate:

"We have lost . . . . . a genius whose stupendous imagination has passed across our time little more noticed by most people than the shadow of a bird passing over a lawn would be noticed by most of a tennis party."

. . . . . .

"And now that vast imagination has left us, having enriched our age with dreams that we have not entirely dreamed."

NIGHTMARE

by Erasmus Darwin

So on his NIGHTMARE, through the evening fog,
Flits the squat fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep apprest,
Alights, and grinning, sits upon her breast.
Such as of late, amid the murky sky,
Was markt by FUSELI'S poetic eye;
Whose darting tints, with SHAKESPEARE'S happiest grace,
Gave to the airy phantom form and place.
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
Then shrieks of captured towns, and widows' tears,
Pale lovers strecht upon their blood-stain'd biers,
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
The trackless desert, the cold, starless night,
And stern-eyed murderer, with the knife behind.
In dread succession agonize her mind.
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;
In vain to scream with quivering lips she tries,
And strains in palsied lids her tremulous eyes;
In vain she *wills* to run, fly, swim, walk, creep;
The WILL presides not in the bower of SLEEP.
On her fair bosom sits the demon-ape
Erect, and balances his bloated shape;
Rolls in their marble orbs his gorgon-eyes,
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries.

THE SONG OF THE PEWEE

An Episode of Twenty-Fifth Century History

by Stephen Grendon

The strange derangement of M4277-GS, one of the last male members of the Sather family group, can perhaps be regarded as symptomatic of the early stages of the decay which was ultimately to destroy a large segment of the social unit of his time. Prior to the first manifestation of his illness, his status as a citizen had never come into question. Like the majority of members in his family group, he was tall, blonde, Nordic in general appearance, and, by the discarded standards of the romantic centuries preceding his time, not unhandsome. At the time of his strange aberration, M4277-GS was in his twenty-third year.

Members of the Sather family group customarily went into either the division of the Thought Police or that of the Interplanetary Service, as consuls or ambassadors from Earth. Because of rivalry between the potent Obolensy family group, then in control of the Thought Police, M4277-GS elected the Interplanetary Service. To the end, he was required to make a most exhaustive study of the history of Earth, not only from the momentous years of the twenty-second century when disease was eradicated and the nations of the Earth broken down into the basic continents for more equable representation in the Supreme Council, but from the beginning of recorded time.

It was in the third year of his study in the Department of Archives, a division of the Thought Police, that the aberration came upon B4277-GS. He advanced from the projection room to the robot in charge of the Archives and requested to hear the song of the pewee, a small member of the family of Flycatchers once numerous on Continents A and C, and classified as *Contopus virens* in the Archives. Considering this a routine request, the robot arranged for the production of a recording stating the facts of this bird's life and reproducing its call recorded in the bird's native habitat at some time during the twentieth century, well before the destruction of the birds.

"But, no, I wish to hear and see the bird itself," protested M4277-GS.

This problem was new to the robot. It was not, of course, sufficiently profound to be referred to the Great Machine, who

with the Supreme Council of Seven, ruled Earth, but it nevertheless required some complicated processes before the right answer could come.

"M4277-GS must be aware that his request cannot be granted. All birds were destroyed at the order of the Supreme Council in the twenty-third century."

"But why?"

"Because the development and use of infallible insecticides made birds unnecessary," came the answer.

"Nevertheless, I wish to hear and see the bird," insisted M4277-GS.

"Request refused."

Now, it was the order of the Department of Archives that all details relevant to any refused request be transmitted immediately to the investigating arm of the Thought Police. The routine was duly followed, and by the time the atomic integrator had reassembled M4277-GS at his home on Continent A that afternoon, the members of the Sather family group had been made aware of his lapse, and had foregathered from all corners of Earth.

The seriousness of M4277-GS's condition was not minimized by the family. They had arranged for a progrom to prepare his mind for indoctrination against subversive ideas, beginning with a performance of the magnificent *Symphony to the Machine for One Katjapi,* by the twentieth-century composer Astondisifitch, as well as Moskovittsi's *Robot Concerto on the Semantic Theme,* with alliterative voice accompaniment in bellows by the basso Campellski, concluding with Askerfan's monumental *Quintet for the Little Finger of the Left Hand Alone,* accompanied by one rebab, the mechanism of an atomic disintegrator, and two rocketships, for all of which the best robot performers obtainable had been secured.

But it was noted that M4277-GS listened to all as in a dream, and at its conclusion he turned to the family and observed that only the song of a bird such as the pewee must have been pure melody. The family was aghast, and old M1365-GS, who served as the Great Machine's vicar in the city, gave it as his opinion that M4277-GS was in heresy.

"You are all mad!" cried M4277-GS. "All I want is to hear the song of a bird, a bird I can see, a pewee. What is heretical about that?"

"Ah, it is too late," sighed M1365-GS. "He has gone too far.

He does not even recognize that by his very wish he challenges the decision of the Supreme Council, which wisely decreed the elimination of all birds."

"But why?

"It is a dangerous question," said old M1365-GS gravely, shaking his grey head. "It were better if that word 'why' had been stricken from the language two centuris ago, when I was born."

"Why?" asked M4277-GS again.

No one answered him.

"Has anyone here seen or heard a pewee?"

No answer.

"Or any bird?"

M1365-GS shook his head. "Is it necessary? The Archives contain all the knowledge in the world. Their reproductions are flawless. Indeed, the work of the Machines is superior to the actuality."

"How can that be?"

"It is."

Amid much distress, the family admitted failure, and the Thought Police were accordingly notified.

The following morning M4277-GS was brought before M7899-OP, who was in charge of the investigation of subversive thoughts. In consideration of the eminence of the Sather family in the social unit to which they belonged, he treated M4277-GS with every courtesy, deeming it unnecessary to apply tortures or force of any kind. He was an older man, wise in experience with the Machines and the Supreme Council, and he read the complete files of the ancient books, even including the curious adventures preserved on microfilm from the pages of so-called science-fiction magazines of the twentieth century.

He was very patient. Was not this strange request of M4277-GS's evidence of a passing obsessive delusion?

M4277-GS denied this vehemently. "It is a reasoned, logical request. I simply wish to hear and see a pewee."

The older man deplored his stubbornness. "Our recordings have the highest fidelity."

"The Archives tell us that this claim was made for reproductions as long ago as the twntieth century, inadequate as these were. How can I or anyone be sure that we have recorded the songs of the birds as they actually were? And from that point, it is only a step to wonder whether it was indeed necessary to

destroy the birds. Or the insects."

Conscious of the anxiety of the Sather family group, M7899-OP made a final effort. He had summoned to wait in the adjoining room F245-TT, the female chosen by the Committee on Selection as M4277-GS's mate, and into her presence he now had M4277-GS taken. She was a comely female, tall and aggressive, splendidly equipped for breeding purposes, and she had been apprized of the difficulty concerning her prospective mate.

She was less patient than M7899-OP. "For the Great Machine's sake!" she cried, "can't I turn my back without your getting yourself into a situation?"

"I only want to hear and see a pewee."

"What's that?"

He explained, albeit somewhat meekly, though his meekness was not evidence of any infirmity of purpose.

She looked at him strangely for a long moment before replying. "Well, you'll have to recant, withdraw your request," she said finally.

"Why?"

"Simply because there are no birds."

"But surely the Great Machine or the Supreme Council can find just one pewee! If not here, then on one of the other planets or satellites."

"They'd be very likely to try," she said sarcastically.

"I will ask them."

"But, why?"

"Now *you* are asking. It is dangerous to ask why, my aged great-uncle informed me. But the answer is simple I want to see and hear a pewee."

She left the room in anger. She was angry not only at M4277-GS, but also at herself, because she recognized in herself a rudimentary jealousy, which was against the law, for M4277-GS had never seemed to be as desirous of her person as he was of hearing the song of a pewee.

M7899-OP regrettfully reported his failure to the Sather family group, and M4277-GS was accordingly transported before the Supreme Council of Seven, which consisted of two onetime professors of thermo-dynamics, one inventor, one research-director in nuclear fission, two robots, and one very old man who was said to have tremendouus influence with the Great Machine. It was he who took over the interrogation of M4277-GS.

"What has prompted your request?" he asked.

"The desire to see and hear this bird," answered M4277-GS without hesitation.

"Were you not aware of the destruction of the birds by order of the Council? Our records indicate that you have completed almost three years in Archives, preparatory to taking a post as consul on Jupiter."

"I was aware of this."

"You have doubts, M4277-GS?"

"Why was it necessary to destroy the birds?"

"Some of them carried disease, as it has been recorded in the Archives. Just as the insects did. Besides, their chattering was distracting and trivial. It was the considered judgment of the Council that they be destroyed. The order was carried out as given."

"But why?"

"The decree of the Supreme Council is not subject to question by any citizen."

"Why not?"

"The Supreme Council, together with the Great Machine represents the accumulated wisdom of all time."

M4277-GS paused to meditate. How indeed must the song of a pewee have sounded?

The Supreme Council waited, though one of the robots was obviously in haste to be gone.

The old man presently leaned forward and asked, "Is there anything the Council can do for you, M4277-GS, before you withdraw your request?"

"But I do not withdraw it," replied M4277-GS. "I wish to see a pewee, I wish to hear the song of a pewee."

The impatient robot spoke up for the first time. "This citizen is a revolutionary, Councillors."

The inventor opined gravely that perhaps M4277-GS was a counter-revolutionary, for was not the act of the Supreme Council in itself revolutionary? How dared any citizen therefore challenge it without being a counter-revolutionary?

"We are just mincing words, Councillors," said the impatient robot once more. "Whatever he is, he is in an ultimate affront to the Supreme Council. Let the Great Machine settle it."

The matter was hastily referred to the Great Machine by television, and the Great Machine determined that M4277-GS was neither; in its all-wise decision M4277-GS was a sentimental reactionary, and thus in a state of mind held to be incurable. The only answer to the impertinence of M4277-GS was liquidation.

M4277-GS was therefore removed from the presence of the Supreme Council and disintegrated. He was replaced in the Archives by a robot, and F245-TT was assigned to another male by the Committee on Selection, ever-vigilant to assure that there should be more human beings than robots, though, truth to tell, it was even then very difficult to tell one from the other. The story of M4277-GS's fate was broadcast throughout Earth and the sister planets, as an object lesson to future sentimentalists or reactionaries.

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY

edited by Malcolm Ferguson

(Being a collection of random notes in the domain of the strange and outlandish, the fantastic and the supernatural, out of little-known crannies in books and other places.)

A fisherman was walking one night on the sands at Porth-Townan, when all was still save the monotonous fall of the light waves upon the sand. He distinctly heard a voice from the sea exclaiming: "The hour is come, but not the man." This was repeated three times ,when a black figure, like that of a man, appeared on the top of the hill. It paused for a moment, then rushed impetuously down the steep incline, over the sands, and was lost in the sea. In different forms this story is told all around the Cornish coast. — Hunt: *Romances & Drolls of the West of England.*

A scholar of world-wide reputation was, when a boy, driving in a dog-cart, while a stout farmer held the reins. Both were Scotch. They passed a church-yard, beyond which the road ran through a long avenue of trees. Out of the kirkyard slipped a shadowy figure, passed over the wall, glided beside the dog-cart all down the long shadowy avenue, and then vanished. Neither the man nor the boy said a word while this lasted. When the appearance had vanished, the farmer whispered, "Did you see yon?" "Ay!" said the lad. "Thank the Lord!" cried the farmer, "I was feared it was the horrors." He had been afraid the appearance was subjective, and born of whisky toddy. Finding that it was objective, he was reassured, though neither he nor his companion ever knew what the thing was that they had looked on. — Andrew Lang, in *The Forum*: London, December 1890.

Lewes Lavater's *Of Ghosts & Spirits Walking by Night,* which is quoted several times hereabouts, was outstanding for its influence upon Elizabethan views of supernatural manifestations. The book itself refutes as many events as it chronicles. Lavater was Swiss writing in Latin, translated into the Vulgate in 1572 by one "R. H." One-third of the book deals with Bible exegies in which the views of the "Papists" are scored, another third deals with classical writers, while the rest concerns relations of a contemporary nature, in which the writer tries to sift the evidence as best he can. Shakespeare paraphrazed Lavater in his Roman plays, in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth.*

There was a certain parish priest, a very honest and godly man whom I knew well, who in the plague time, could tell before hand when any of his parishe should dye. For in the night time he heard a noise over his bed, like as if one had throwne downe a sacke full of corne from his shoulders: which when he heard, he would say: Nowe an other biddeth me farewell. After it was day, he used to inquire who died that night, or who was taken with the plague, to the end that he might comfort and strengthen them, according to the duty of a good pastor.

When Miltiades addressed his people against the Persians there were heard terrible noises before the battaile, and certaine spirits were seen, which the Athenians afterwards affirmed to be the shaddows of Pan, who cast a fear on the Persians, that they turned their backs and fled. Thereof Terrores Panici took their name, being spoken of sodayn fears volaked for, and terrours. such as Lymphatici metus are, which drive men out of their wits being taken therewith.

Mention in J. O. Bailey's *Pilgrims Through Space and Time* of the early paperback fantasy nickel novel *Young Frank Reade and His Electric Air Ship* by "Noname" (identified by Mr. Bailey as Lu Senarens) sent me to my own collection of dime novels for this selection from "Noname's" earlier *Six Weeks in the Moon,* 1894, serialized in Frank Tousey's *Happy Days* series.

These are Mr. Noname's expressed views of the moon's surface, faithfully reproduced here from his on the spot reporters, young Ned Davis and Dick Rodman, whose haste of expression is sometimes all too plain:

"— The swift gravitation was arrested and the *Moonbeam* gently dropped through the Lunar atmosphere, until, passing

through a bank of yellow clouds, the voyagers beheld the seas and continents, the rivers and forests of a new world, and as much unlike the one they had left as could be imagined.

"Down - down dropped the *Moonbeam* into the Lunar world. As good luck had it, there was terra firma beneath them and the *Moonbeam* landed upon a small eminence.

"This, unlike the earth, was not of gravel sub-soil or any kind of stone like that which our travelers might have expected.

"It was green in color, and a curious spongy mass, which yielded somewhat with the weight of the aircraft.

"The grass which adorned the slopes was white and peculiarly brittle like glass. Unlike the grasses of the Earth, its roots were uppermost, and seemed to derive nutriment from the atmosphere. In fact, everything in the moon seemed to be exactly opposite to that which exists upon the Earth.

"The trees had fungus like roots, which apparently drew their life from the air. The foliage was all next the moon's soil.

"Contrary to the general supposition of the Earth's scientists, there was no mountains in the moon. The supposed eminence upon which our voyagers had landed, was but the common level. There were various deep sink holes, some of them to enormous depth, and it was upon the verge of one of these that our voyagers now were. Of course, they were all anxious to leave the *Moonbeam* for an exploring tour, but there was some precautionary steps to be taken. What ensued was surprising enough."

"What an infamy is cast upon the ashes of Mithridates, or Methridates (as the Augustines read his name) by unworthy people. They that deserve no good report themselves, love to give none to others, viz. That renowned King of Pontus fortified his body by poison against poison. (He cast out devils by Beelzebub, prince of the devils.) What a sot is he that knows not if he had accustomed his body to cold poisons, hot poisons would have dispatched him? On the contrary, if hot, corrosions would have done it. The whole world is at this present time beholden to him for his studies in physic, and he that useth the quantity but of an hazel-nut of that receipt every morning, to which his name is adjoined, shall to admiration preserve his body in health, if he do but consider that Rue is an herb of the Sun, and under Leo, and gather it and the rest accordingly." — *Culpepper's* Family Physician: Revised, &, Jas. Scammon, Exeter N .H. 1824.

"I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parrakeets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixt for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu mated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, among reeds and Nilotic mud . . . . .

"Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarnation, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity . . . . .

"The curst crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awake; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them drest for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent human natures." — Thomas De Quincey: *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.*

"A woman who was a young girl during an epidemic of diphtheria in the 1850's remembered being led in to kiss her little playmates goodbye. One sister, then another, then a little girl up the road, then a brother. Into the ceremonial hush, into the overly-ornate "best-bedroom" filled with silent, numb grown-ups, this little girl went to kiss the pale, bewildered countenance of

the tiny child in the big four-posted bed. Thus came Death, again and again, totting up the loss of a third portion of her playmates, leaving the empty desks at the country school, and all the while bearing down the burden of this grief upon the remaining children with all the graveyard pomp and ceremony of the times embellished and intertwined by the sorrow itself. This was an experience the small girl could never forget. What morbidity! What a mad lack of understanding permitted, rather, enforced this!

The dark furniture, horsehair sofa, the white counterpane, the antimacassars, the half light, the stillness of the grown-ups, who somehow bulked large and tall in the room, whose high bed could only be reached by climbing up an ornate step-ladder, the embarrassing business of kissing one's kin in sisterly fashion for the benefit of grown-ups, and above all the realization that this ceremony was a preliminary to the mysterious release of a child's soul was almost a disease in itself for the remaining children." — *Letters of Gabriel Gilman*: (Privately printed, Portsmouth, N. H. 1909).

Attention has been brought to Erasmus Darwin's *Beauties of the Botanic Garden* with the coming to hand of the copy owned by the late Howard Phillips Lovecraft. The verse falls quaintly on our ears, but is not without ability. Chosen for presentation here is Darwin's poem describing a painting by Fuseli, whose work is coming into renewed interest with the publication of a collection of reproductions (*Tracks In The Snow*, Ruthven Todd,, Scribner, 1947), though it is evident that HPL was quite familiar with them, too, before their current revival.

ABRACADABRA

by Leah Bodine Drake

When the stage-magician cries "Abracadabra!" and flings up a flock of pigeons from his hat, or whips back the veil from the magic cabinet and produces a beautiful young lady instead of the tottering crone who entered, he probably does not know that he is calling upon the dreadful name of a very old, very puissant god of almost unimaginable antiquity.

Abracadabra was the name of a deity worshipped in Sumeria

by a people who had already passed into history when Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees. What Abracadabra was lord of is not known, but he must have been a kindly power, as his name, worn as a charm, was a protection from evil. It had to be written in the form of a triangle, as below, worn for nine days, then thrown backward over the shoulder into the waters of an east-flowing brook. Here is how it should look, written correctly:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

Although sumer had become a dead language long before the conquering of the land by the Babylonians, the latter were so impressed by its literature that they had tablets made of the Sumerian religion, legal, commercial and scientific writings. These were divided into two columns of cuneiform script, the first being the old Sumerian, the second the "modern" Babylonian. Consequently, when archaeologists discovered (and uncovered) the civilizations of Babylonia and Chaldea, the extinct tongue of the Sumers lay open before them.

How the name of this one divinity, however, traveled down nearly seven thousand years to our own day, is an intriguing bit of speculation. Still part of the small-change of modern "magic", it is as old as the art of genuine magic itself. Although it has come to be merely the "Presto change!" of the clever prestidigitator and the cheap faker, its essential majesty and awesomeness has not quite left it. Perhaps some day a too-glib Blackstone will pronounce this hoary word in just the right way, and with the ancient accent, of the Sumerian sorcerer, and then something quite surprising may happen to him! Even a long-forgotten deity does not like his name taken in vain. Better let sleeping dogs lie!

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER

THE RAPE OF THINGS TO COME

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, by George Orwell. Harcourt Brace, New York. 314 pages, $3.00.

After the atomic wars of the 1950's the world government fell under the control of three states—Eastasia, Eurasia, and Oceania; the latter comprising the United States and England, which became known as Airstrip One.

The totalitarianism of Oceania increased as years went by; under the shadowy figure of a dictator known only as "Big Brother" who might not even have actually existed, a state of perpetual warfare was carried on alternately with each of the other two world-states. The political party — Ingsoc, an outgrowth of earlier English socialism—ruled with three slogans; "War is Peace", "Freedom is Slavery", and Ignorance is Strength."

Their four government departments comprised the Ministry of Peace (which waged perpetual war) the Ministry of Plenty (which created artificial famines and shortages to keep the workers in line) the Ministry of Love (the department of mass murder and torture) and the Ministry of Truth (whose business it was to falsify all past history, literature and science).

Only three classes of society existed, but the lines of social demarcation were clearly and cruelly drawn. On top were the Inner Party members; pursuing their own inscrutable ends, shielded from the masses, and protected by an army of thugs and the "Thought Police" who spied on the general populace literally every moment of the day and night.

One of their most effective spying devices was the Telescreen, a television set which both received and transmitted images and sound, and which could never be turned off. Placed in every room in private dwellings and in public places, it enabled the Thought Police to spy upon anyone at any time. Nothing could be said or done in privacy—indeed, it was a crime against the state to seek solitude; it was a dangerous thing to speak to a stranger.

Below the Inner Party group a small middle-class minority of Party members existed; their function was roughly that of the "white collar worker" of the 1940's. They worked in the four

Ministries, they attended the daily "Two Minute Hate" orgies and followed Party rituals faithfully—or else. As in the Inner Party group, sexual love was forbidden to them; the Party supervised all marriage or giving in marriage and made sure (through early training and the group known as the Anti-Sex League) that intercourse was never attempted except for purposes of procreation, and that any affection between individuals or even deep friendship did not exist.

The bulk of the population, fully 85%, was made up of "proles", living in the ruins of bombed London and the countryside; they toiled and suffered by command of the state but largely ignored their own plight. Most of them accepted it willingly, due to the propaganda which was fed to them; just as they accepted the endless flood of pornography, vulgar mass entertainment and sadistic orgies which comprised their reward for labor.

This, then, was the world of 1984; a world in which love, privacy, individual thought and expression had been abolished by decree of state; a world in which the past had been so altered that scarcely a book, magazine, newspaper, letter, photograph or handwritten document remained in existence which had not been comepletely falsified and rewritten by the Party. Moreover, the rewritten material was constantly being changed to conform with new Party lines—if a newspaper of four years back contained an alleged statement by "Big Brother" to the effect that Oceania was at war with Eastasia, the entire newspaper was reprinted to conform with the new set of lies.

For the Party philosophy stated that, "He who controls the past controls the future. And he who controls the present controls the past."

Falsification of the written and spoken word was one way of controlling the past. Another way existed in the scientific semanticism of the Party; in their creation of a new synthetic language called "Newspeak". All words with emotional connotations injurious to the Party, all abstractions, all words which enabled men to think in terms other than official dialects, were gradually being pruned and eliminated from the language. New terminology, sparingly and calculatingly created replaced the old. For the ultimate aim of the Party was to make it impossible for the average man to think at all, let alone think in terms that would lead to rebellion or even a questioning of the *status quo*.

It was under these circumstances, then, that middle-class Party

member Winston Smith lived in the world of 1984. As a minor writer in the Ministry of Truth, he daily ground out lies and rewrote history as directed, using a machine to dictate falsehoods and destroying original written and printed material by incineration. He dwelt in squalor, dutifully attended Party functions, avoided strangers, eschewed sexual relations, followed orders, submitted to being spied upon by his Telescreen, and paid homage to "Big Brother" whose huge, bemustached image glared out from posters wherever he went.

But strange doubts dwelt in the mind of Winston Smith. He was corrupted, perhaps, by his work; he knew too much about the actual past and was tempted to learn more. Then he fell in love—or, rather, a girl fell in love with him. Clandestine meetings led to private rebellion against Party dictates. He joined what he thought was a secret Underground movement against the Party, only to be betrayed. Winston Smith ended up in the Ministry of Love, tortured by scientific sadists to the point where his mind as well as his body gave way, and he finally came to believe—actually believe—that two and two made five, if the Party said so.

He learned the secret of the Party's goal—Power for the sake of Power, in a civilization founded solely upon hatred and fear. He not only learned this secret, he accepted it. All love was burned out of his soul except love for "Big Brother"—and thus Winston Smith found salvation in the Year of Our Lord 1984.

This then, is the substance of George Orwell's important new novel. It has been necessary to outline it at some length, in order to properly evaluate its significance. And in a case of this kind, an evaluation is definitely in order.

To begin with, in the opinion of this reviewer. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* cannot be dismissed as a "fantasy", merely because the scene is laid at a time 35 years in the future.

Nor can *Nineteen Eighty Four* be properly labelled a "satire", solely on the basis of its theme.

Many critics of this novel have attempted to sidestep the problems it presents by taking in one or both of these labels. It seems easy to invoke *Gulliver's Travels* and *Brave New Worlds* for comparison, and to point out that "Big Brother" and Joe Stalin have much in common.

But it is our belief that *Ninteen Eighty-Four* is neither fantastic nor satirical. If anything, George Orwell has written (and written brilliantly and convincingly) both a prophecy and an allegory.

For there is nothing in Orwell's book which does not exist in its formative stages today. The distortion of language and the falsification of history and empirical statement is already a recognizable process.

The spoken and written word as we receive it now, in 1949, is usually a lie—and an acknowledged lie. We live in a world of newspaper stories where, "an important source today disclosed," and "it is believed" and "a high government official stated" and "reports indicate". We live in a world where everyone knows that dictators, presidents, ministers, generals, congressmen, senators, public dignitaries and heroes and even radio comedians employ nameless "ghost writers" to create what they supposedly "say" and in which nameless advisors instruct them in what they supposedly "do". This is such a truism that it seems almost ridiculous to make a point of restating it—unless we read Orwell's book and see what this condition ultimately leads to.

More specifically, we live in a world today where one of the major cigarette companies pours tens of millions of dollars into an advertising campaign which "debunks" any attempt to suggest that their cigarette is less harmful to smoke in the opinion of medical authorities. Twelve years ago this self-same cigarette company poured tens of millions of dollars into an advertising campaign which claimed that their cigarette *was* less harmful to smoke in the opinion of medical authorities.

A minor matter? Perhaps . . . but a straw in the wind.

Four years ago, governmental and private sources of opinion united in loud and open praise of "our brave fighting ally, Russia."

Today those same sources scream about the "Communist menace; treacherous, cowardly Russia."

Falsification of history? Perversion of language? You can find it in any branch of science you select, and you needn't subscribe to the theories of Charles Fort in order to recall vivid examples.

Today, at this very moment, the process goes merrily on. The press omits, deletes, alters, expands virtually at will. The army of "commentators" lies and garbles. The sober scholars ply their trade, busily rewriting history-books and school texts. Our "entertainment' 'industries, our advertising and public-relations organizations have what amounts to a virtual license to falsify and distort life in the past, present and future.

And more and more, under any existing form of government, it becomes evident that a "party line" is looked upon as a neces-

sary ingredient. Words are weighed and labelled in a semantic nightmare. Truth, crushed to earth, is being buried. Individuality, iconoclasm, introversion are becoming more and more suspect, and it takes only an atomic war to bring out a totalitarianism which will openly embrace the tenets of Orwell's Party.

In the face of this self-evident evidence, it is impossible to ignore the value of *Nineten Eighty-Four* as a prophetic document. The mere fact that so many pious critics have chosen to label it satire" is in itself a hideous admission of their own subservient desire to adhere to the false standards so prevalent today. Orwell's book is about as much a fantasy as is the concept of the atomic bomb—and unfortunately, the majority of earth's citizens today prefer to think of the latter as mere fantasy rather than as a reality to be considerd and coped with.

As to the allegory in *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* this reviewer finds it explicit. Consciously or unconsciously, George Orwell has written a novel about the plight of the creative writer in the world today.

It may have been an accident that "Big Brother" is depicted as a man whose enigmatic smile is concealed by a mustache—as is the case with George Orwell himself.

But it is no accident that the hero of Orwell's book is a middle-class writer whose duty it is to keep in line, write what he's told to, and falsify history and distort logic according to orders from higher up in an effort to please a mindless public.

Orwell's writer hero rebels, eventually. He no longer can say that black is white, that the past is what we chose to make it, that two lies make one great truth.

Orwell's hero rebels, but he is defeated in the end. It is here that this reviewer sincerely hopes that prophecy and allegory have gone astray; that it will be possible for the creative artist to see the truth and tell the truth—and be believed.

Orwell has told the truth in this book. It remains to be seen whether or not his truth will be accepted as such, or dismissed as "satire" and "fantasy" by a world already hell-bent for "Big Brother" and his rape of things to come.

—ROBERT BLOCH

PERHAPS THE FUTURE

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE, by Willy Ley. Paintings by Chesley Bonestell. The Viking Press, Inc., New York. 160 pages, $3.95.

Readers of such magazines as *Life, Astounding Science-Fiction, Science Illustrated, Pic, Air Travels, Coronet,* and others, will have become familiar with the prose excursions into space by Willy Ley and the extraordinarily dramatic imagination in Illustration by Chesley Bonestell. Text and illustrations have been gathered together to make up this new volume, and a startling work it is, a preview, the publishers hold, "of the greatest adventure awaiting mankind."

Author Ley and Illustrator Bonestell hold that we are entering upon the third astronomical era, during which the planets can be visited. They have therefore combined their arresting talents to portray in prose and picture the kind of places human beings may some day visit—the mountains of the moon, landscapes of Mars, Venus, a planet of the double star, Mira, the moon, and so on. Both prose and text grow out of the latest scientific research, and, almost needless to say, the book is almost explosively exciting to anyone at all interested in the possibilities of space travel.

The book opens with an appreciative introduction to Chesley Bonestell by Willy Ley, who calls him "a poetical mathematician with a paint brush." The text divides into four chapters—of rockets, of the moon, of the solar family, and "Vermin of the Skies." There are all manner of data—one the planets of the solar system, its satellites; figures—of markings, elliptics, orbits, et al. But the outstanding feature of the book remains the Bonestell illustrations, which have the vividness of absolute authenticity and the clarity of photographs. And there are no less than 48 pages of illustrations, 16 of them in full color.

Most science-fiction devotees will quite understandably regard *The Conquest of Space* as the year's most important book. Certainly it is a triumph of imagination which earns all the applause which will come to it.

—JOHN HALEY

NELSON BOND'S NEW STORIES

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF FEBRUARY, by Nelson Bond, Gnome Press, New York, 272 pages, $3.00.

Readers who know Mr. Bond's first collection of fantasies, *Mr. Mergenthwirker's Lobblies and Other Fantastic Tales,* will hie themselves without delay to their nearest bookdealer to add this second collection of stories to their shelves. For the thirteen stories which make up *The Thirty-First of February* are equally entertaining, equally readable, equally memorable, all bearing the masterly touch of an able writer who is one of the most original and discriminating in the field today.

Our own high opinion of Mr. Bond's work has been indicated by our inclusion of his stories in our anthologies; from this book the two tales which to our notion are the best in the collection, *The Mask of Medusa* and *The Cunning of the Beast,* have appeared in *The Night Side* and *Strange Ports of Call,* respectively. But that is not to diminish the stature of the remaining tales, of which James Branch Cabell has written, "I do not well see what more I could say as to this collection of fine fantasies beyond the statement that, taking them as a whole I like some of the stories better than I do the others. To my judgment, Mr. Bond has genius." To this judgment we likewise subscribe.

Nelson Bond made an impressive entry into the lists with publication of *Mr. Mergenthwiker's Lobblies* in *Scribner's* more than a decade ago. Since then he has contributed to a variety of magazines (*Blue Book,* etc.) and anthologies an entire series of elfin, ironic, grim or whacky fantasies. No other contemporary writer quite matches Mr. Bond's verve and originality; the elfin and zany story requires a specially adept hand to do; Mr. Bond possesses it, and this second collection adds to his stature in this minor but popular field, for the stories in this book are of every kind.

Included here are *The Sportsman, The Mask of Medusa, My Nephew Norvell, The Ring, The Gripes of Wraith, The Cunning of the Beast, The Five Lives of Robert Jordan, "Take My Drum to England", Saint Mulligan, The Monster from Nowhere, The Man Who Walked Through Glass, The Enchanted Pencil,* and *Pilgrimage.*

—AUGUST DERLETH

ANTROPOLOGY AND FICTION

WATCH THE NORTH WIND RISE, by Robert Graves. Creative Age Press, New York 290 pages, $3.00.

This recent tale of New Crete might be epitomized as the crystallization in fiction of the hints and conclusions that Mr. Graves offered in last year's *The White Goddess,* that learned and brilliantly suggestive, but often erratic, study of myth and poetry, which surprised and puzzled so many readers. *Watch the North Wind Rise* is thus essentially a novel of ideas, a guided tour through a specimen utopia, skillfully masked as a novel or story.

A minor poet of the present, Venn-Thomas, is summoned by magic into the not-so-distant future, to the New Cretan Era, where he is destined to perform a task for the ruling goddess. To provide a background we shall summarize rapidly the information which Venn-Thomas pieces together gradually and dynamically within the story. Western civilization had grown mechanically top-heavy, and had collapsed into a series of wars, but not before several thoughtful people had recognized the basic cause as anomie, or loss of norms, and had set up a series of experimental stations, reproducing in tempered fashion the life of various past primitive cultures. Of these stations, the New Cretan station, which was patterned after Minoan Crete, was outstandingly successful, probably because of its norm-association with the White Goddess, the Great Mother (who really exists, and actively interferes in human life); and eventually, after the collapse of the outside world, New Crete, which can offer potent magic and a regulated life, has absorbed much of the previous civilized world.

Venn-Thomas, although superficially conducting a love-affair with one of the future witches, resisting the advances of another witch, and trying to be rid of a mistress from the past, whom the incarnate goddess is impersonating, is really systematically exploring this future society in the best utopian tradition.

Society and life in New Crete are highly integrated and stable. Almost all forms of behavior are institutionalized and regulated by custom which ultimately derives from the Goddess. There are rigid castes, each with its own mores and behavior pattern, which divide people into natural psychological groups. Originality and creative thought are drained into the witches and poets, who

are the brain of the organic society, while leadership is confined to a caste of leaders who exhort the people morally, but have little real power. The other castes include the recorders, or sterile men of thought; the servants, including priests, who serve the other castes in menial capacities; and the commoners, somewhat vaguely defined, who seem to be a residue from the other castes .Assignment to caste is made in childhood, by observation of the child's personality. Each caste has its rigidly defined function, its own pride and love of service, for money and capitalism have been abolished, and exchanges of goods and services take place under religious sanctions as gifts made and received in love.

The 20th century poet first becomes aware of the Apollinian, or light spiritual side of the culture, where everything proceeds according to rule, and is mildly amused, although teased, by the chivalrous platonic love ethics of the witches and the motto of service that motivates all class. But as time passes, he witnesses the epiphany of the Goddess, receives a token from her which admits him to all aspects of the culture and gradually becomes aware of the Dionysian or dark side of New Crete. He discovers that one of the witches, Sally, has murdered a poet merely to provide an excuse for going to bed with him (Venn-Thomas); then he stumbles upon the secret of the Elder's house, in which the elders are permitted complete release from norms and rules, as long as they conform externally; and finally he witnesses the most primitive and revolting of all New Cretan customs, the sacrifice of the divine king, who is slain and eaten for the public welfare. By now Venn-Thomas has recognized that New Crete is rotten at the core, and understands why the goddess has caused him to be brought into the future. He is to provide an internal irritant, a challenge to which the New Cretan state can oppose itself ,to develop a new era of existence. He is to provide the salt or leaven; he is to release and deinstitutionalize the powers of darkness within the individual (to call up the North Wind), and is to start the destruction of New Crete. After a narrow escape from being lynched, he invokes the North Wind magically, and returns to the past.

The reader will probably be puzzled at first that Mr. Graves finds it necessary to destroy his Utopia, when New Crete is obviously founded upon the principles advocated in *The White Goddess*. There are several reasons. First, probably, is a dialectic concept of history, which regards history as an alternation of

good (and matriarchal stages) and bad (and patriarchal) stages, each of which arises by necessity from the preceding one. Connected with this is Mr. Graves' analogy to Morgan's *Revolt of the Bees,* which claims that even a perfectly coordinated corporate state must perish through internal decay, unless an external stimulus or "grace" saves it. And finally, there is a servile scholastic attitude on the part of the New Cretans, who conserve the letter of the Goddess, but lose her spirit. For all these reasons New Crete must go.

From a scientific point of view Mr. Graves shows an impressive erudition within British, German, and American schools of theoretical anthropology and sociology. But something more important should not be overlooked. *Watch the North Wind Rise,* despite Mr. Graves' axe-grinding, is a most interesting novel, fascinating in story, extremely well developed and deftly handled, and is worth reading. The many little insights and humorous touches, such as the mock epic of the battling villages, Zapmor and Rabnon, will long stay with the reader.

—EVERETT BLEILER

A CONTRASTING DUO

THE WORLD BELOW, by S. Fowler Wright. Shasta Publishers, Chicago. 344 pages, $3.50.
THE KID FROM MARS, by Oscar J. Friend. Frederick Fell, New York. 270 pages, $2.50.

Here we have one of the best science-fiction novels and one of—not the worst but the least. Mr. Friend's book belongs on the light fiction counter. Its hero, who goes by the engaging name of Llamkin, comes to Earth in search of a sense of humor, for lack of which the overly-serious Martians are dying out. Arriving in a comic-hero costume, he is understandably unable to convince Earthmen of the true facts about his origin. They think it's all a gag—and that same opinion pretty well sums up the whole book. A gag, smoothly worked up into a fast-action story with touches of satire and Thorne Smith escapades, but a gag nevertheless. Yet it makes easy and not unpleasant reading.

The World Below is not quite as easy reading, yet its republication is a fantasy event. Recounting the experiences of a man projected a half million years into the future, it is at once a science-fiction tale, a novel of atmosphere, a bitter attack on

human morality and courage, and a love story. The high quality of Mr. Wright's imagination is perhaps most apparent in the treatment accorded its hero by the future world's ruling inhabitants, who are giant human beings with supernormal powers. Instead of welcoming or hating him or viewing him with some kind of intense interest, they simply ignore him, in the same way that a man ignores an ant. They walk past him without seeing him dangling in the forceps half a day because some more urgent task has arisen. This clear understanding of cosmic indifference runs through the whole book and imparts to it a bleak magnificence.

The hero hears and sees much that he does not understand, glimpses strange shapes and does not know their function, or even whether they are alive or dead. This is sound science-fiction — for how can one convincingly picture the future or an alien culture without introducing a large element of the inexplicable? — yet one finds it rarely, as in the first part of Lewis's *Perelandra* or Stapledon's *Starmaker*.

It is admittedly hard for an author to build situations out of indifference and the inexplicable. Mr. Wright surmounts this difficulty by means of his love story. Spurned by the giant supermen, the hero becomes the companion of a furred and amphibious, yet human-like female, not too completely superior to him in intelligence. Much of the book is devoted to a dangerous quest they undertake together. Although she first views him as a lower animal and always remains contemptuous of his body, a spiritual intimacy springs up between them, she unsparingly criticizes his selfishness, self-pity and cowardice, imparts to him something of her serene acceptance of life, her cool delight in experience, finally leaving him with the remark: "If our meeting has been a pleasure (as it has to me), shall we spoil it with foolish protest now that it is completing? . . . Is it not true that life is only good while we regard it lightly."

Mr. Wright's criticism of humanity, developed in the dialogue of the amphibian and the hero, is in general detached and clear-sighted, though at times descending to rather petty complaints, such as that a man with a big family should be compelled to pay high taxes on a large house! And some may find disconcerting his emphasis on telepathy and occult forces in the future world. Likewise his acceptance of the "hollow earth" theory.

The atmosphere of the book is strangely dreamlike and may well have been inspired by actual dreams. The book abounds in

such suggestively dreamlike laments as oddly simplified landscapes, bloodless animals, writhing worms and living lassoes, bogs and tunnels — and above all, a feeling of moral uneasiness, of imminent guilt, or crucial acts performed too late, of a terrifying melancholia. Here is a good hint for present-day fantasy writers. More writers than Edward Lucas White have made good use of them. With their aid, or the aid of an imagination working like them, Mr. Wright has woven a singularly grim, poignant, wide-horizoned fantasy.

— Fritz Leiber, Jr.

A SELECTED SHELF OF FANTASY

by August Derleth

THE BEST SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES. 1949, edited by Everett F. Bleiler and T. E Dikty. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York. 314 pages, $2.95.

THE BIG EYE, by Max Ehrlich. Doubleday & Company, New York. 221 pages, $2.50.

THE DOWRY, by Maggy Gould. William Morrow & Company, New York. 244 pages, $2.75.

MANY DIMENSIONS, by Charles Williams. Pellegrini & Cudahy, New York. 308 pages, $3.00.

WAR IN HEAVEN, by Charles Williams. Pellegrini & Cudahy, New York. 290 pages, $3.00.

The first of what is hoped will be an annual series of "best" collections in modern science-fiction offers ample reason, in the excellence of the stories chosen, to hope that the plan of annual publication will be carried through. Editors Bleiler and Dikty have selected just a dozen stories as the best for 1948; they are *Mars Is Heaven!* and *And the Moon Be Still as Bright,* by Ray Bradbury; *Ex Machina,* by Lewis Padgett; *The Strange Case of John Kingman,* by Murray Leinster; *Doughnut Jockey,* by Erik Fennel; *Thang, by* Martin Gardner; *Period Piece,* by J. J. Coupling; *Knock,* by Frederic Brown; *Genius, by* Poul Anderson; *No Connection,* by Isaac Asimov; *In Hiding,* by Wilmar H. Shiras; and *Happy Ending,* by Henry Kuttner. The introduction, which briefly sketches the history of science-fiction in print, is by Melvin Korshak, and the editors themselves contribute a short preface. The stories were chosen from *Planet Stories, Astounding Science-Fiction, Blue Book Magazine, Comment,* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories;* all are possessed of a high degree of literacy, a criterion of the editors, who suggest "that science-fiction often may be a respectable form of literature and of value for four reasons: historical precedent, prediction value, educational

value, and insight into one of man's most pressing problems." This collection seems to us a high-water mark in science-fiction anthologies; if its successors in this planned series maintain its high average, the series will be a distinguished one indeed.

Max Ehrlich's *The Big Eye* is the first novel in Doubleday's Science Fiction library. Author Ehrlich, a radio dramatist, is not particularly known in the field of science-fiction, and his first novel suggests that he is rather more an amateur than a professional in this highly specialized field. The time of his novel is 1960; Russia and the United States are jockeying for position to plant the first atomic bomb and set off a disastrous war; then suddenly the world is rocked by the pronouncement of top astronomers that Earth is destined to be destroyed in two years' time by an approaching wild planet, known as "Planet Y" or the "Big Eye". This announcement staves off war, leads to solution of such problems as war, hunger, and pestilence. The planet comes steadily closer and closer in this story told by Dr. David Hughes, young astronomer, who marks its effect not only on himself and his family but on the world around him, until the surprising end, when David sees the planet swerving off from its predicted collision with earth, and learns that the whole thing was a gigantic hoax perpetrated by astronomers who, knowing that Planet Y would just miss earth, concocted the hoax to save the world from destruction by wars. Though competent enough for a first novel, *The Big Eye* will very probably disappoint most science-fiction fans because of the comparative triteness of its plot.

Maggy Gould's *The Dowry* is a horror novel, one of creeping suspense, very well told, and of a type of which comparatively few novels in recent years have been written and published. Jonathan Reizel and Bobbie Gilmore, defying Robbie's husband, Laurentz Gilmore to consummate their love, are cursed by Gilmore. Despite the sophistication of chapters and setting, *The Dowry* is a successful horror novel, however its central theme offers contrast to its people and their milieu. The effect of Gilmore's "curse", the insidious destruction of the love between Robbie and Jonathan, the ultimate triumph of Gilmore after his death make a novel of effective suspense and often chilling terror. *The Dowry* is an ably written, more than ordinarily successful first novel on a theme often very difficult to handle as successfully as Maggy Gould has done it.

Quite possibly, of those novels by Charles Williams which have been published by Pellegrini & Cudahy, *Many Dimensions* will

be a favorite among readers, due not to any lack of mysticism, but to its being more unobtrusive. In many ways, *Many Dimensions* is easier to read than *Descent into Hell* or *All Hallows' Eve,* for its story is somewhat less complex, though just as much weighted with mystical meaning as its predecessors were. When archeologist Sir Giles Tumutly comes into possession of an ancient and powerful stone which enables him to move at will in space, time, and thought, he unwisely shares his secret, and immediately the stone precipitates a struggle between those who understand its true meaning and those who are determined to exploit its powers for their own selfish ends.

The story is exciting and tense; it is written with that consummate skill which distinguishes Charles Williams' novels, and the conflict between the men of good will and the men of evil over the stone and the parts of it which come forward, replete with incident, until an embarrassing miracle is caused by the stone, thus making the struggle a public one. Thereafter events drive swiftly to the inevitable conclusion. Seldom has any writer come along possessing the manifest gifts of Charles Williams; his novels are explications of Christian mysticism in terms of fiction and though in his purpose he suggests C. S. Lewis, he is unique in the field of fiction and the fantastic. *Many Dimensions* is a distinguished achievement, not only in the supernatural, but in satire and symbolism. It must be considered among the best novels in the genre since 1900.

Sir Giles Tumulty is featured also in *War in Heaven,* the second Williams book for this season. *War in Heaven* begins with what looks like a somewhat unusual murder in a London publisher's office, and then speedily develops into a remarkable cops and robbers chase for possession of what is presently identified as the Holy Grail. And, as in *Many Dimensions,* opposing factions —of good, of evil —desire to obtain the Grail. The overtones of mysticism are strong but never heavy, never obtrusive, for, as in all the novels by Charles Williams, the story of *War in Heaven* is the author's primary consideration. Like *Many Dimensions, War in Heaven* is surely a kind of classic in the limited genre of the fantastic, and, as a modern morality, beyond question a masterpiece.

—AUGUST DERLETH

TWO VIEWS OF THE FUTURE

by Frank Belknap Long

THE HUMANOIDS, by Jack Williamson. Simon & Schuster, New York. $2.50.

LORDS OF CREATION, by Eando Binder. Prime Press, New York. $3 00.

During the past decade Jack Williamson has grown steadily in literary stature, with perhaps fewer minor deviations and regressions than any other writer in the science-fiction genre. His new book, *The Humanoids,* is head and shoulders above his earlier Legion of Space novels, good as many of those stories were when viewed as pioneering excursions in the field, and it seems to me that with this book Wililamson has entered that select and splendid little realm of imaginative realization occupied by *Erewhom* and *The Time Machine.*

I like everything about this book. I like the jacket illustration, the binding and the printing job, as well as the text. The text most of all, of course, for here, mylords, is a *book!* Satisfying, mature, genuine—a sound job of craftsmanship in all respects. The novel is not only rich with poetic imagery, and pervaded by a sense of cosmic alienage —it is packed with suspense on a completely adult level from cover to cover. I like the way the Humanoids move against a background of vast flowering plants, red and gold and ebony, of great, pagoda-like buildings, and the mirroring splendors of the sea surge. And I have the greatest admiration for the bitter, grimly fatalistic denouement, which a less courageous and discerning writer could so easily have botched.

The jacket blurb is unusually pithy and restrained, and I can do no better than quote from it in summarizing the basic theme. "The Humanoids were sleek, eyeless and invincible creatures from another corner of the universe. They were shaped like men, but they were not men. They were controlled by one force, their Prime Directive; 'To Serve, and Obey, and Guard Man from Harm.'

"No power could prevent the Humanoids from carrying out their basic aim. As a result, man was threatened with a new and horrible fate —complete mental and physical stagnation. For those who fought them, the Humanoids had euphoride, a drug that brought the 'peace' of complete, child-like forgetfulness, and a fearful, mind-training grid that seemed to turn men into a kind of robot. Opposing them, with the fate of humanity at stake, were a lonely scientist and a child with a strange, half understood telepathic powers. The reader can take it from there."

The reader can, to be sure, but if he is wise he'll start as I did-at Chapter I, and settle down to a memorable evening of sheer, imaginative delight.

Lords of Creation was written for magazine publication when science-fiction as a magazine phenomenon was still in a rather awkward, "growing pain" stage of development, and the kind of maturity found in Williamson's book was severely frowned upon by most editors.

For that reason it is less successful in projecting an illusion of future reality on a realistically integrated plane.

Otto Binder would be the first to admit this, for he can write exceptionally well when editorial taboos do not cramp his style, and he was a genuine trail blazer in the field. Even within the limitations of its own space and time, *Lords of Creation* is a lively entertainment, with enough challenging vistas between its attractively adorned boards to make it well worth the price of admission.

— Frank Belknap Long

SHORT NOTICES

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS, by Marion L. Starkey. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. xvi., 317 pages, $3.50. A recent recurrence of interest in the Salem witch trials has resulted in this excellent modern psychiatrical inquiry into the subject. Without pretending to offer a comprehensive history of the curious phenomenon the witch trials were, Miss Starkey's account sets forth to be rather a narrative of events seen by a student who has "tried to uncover the classic dramatic form of the story itself." In this Miss Starkey succeeds admirably; her annotated account, though it has the virtue of restraint and brevity, is all that the student could wish to satisfy his curiosity about the Salem horror. Vividly recreated, illuminatingly written, Miss Starkey's scene is so well done as to seem astonishingly modern, a record of events which took place just around a corner of time. This book is the best available account of what took place at Salem in 1692.

ATLANTIS: THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD, by Ignatius Donnelly. A modern, revised edition, edited by Edgerton Sykes. Harper & Brothers, New York. xix, 355 pages. $4.50. This

new edition of the standard history of fabled Atlantis appears with rare timeliness. Originally published in 1882, it has long been out of print, though it was a popular book of its day, and it must be considered as a cornerstone work supporting the modern study of "lost continents". Its editor is an outstanding scholar of Atlantis, and this new version adds facts uncovered since its original publication, as well as appreciations of Donnelly by Lewis Spence and H. S. Bellamy. All of those aficionados who do not yet own this book may now add it to their shelves.

ADVENTURES IN THE SUPERNORMAL, by Eileen J. Garrett. Creative Age Press, New York. 252 pages, $3.50. This personal memoir is by a woman widely-known as the possessor of that rare and disquieting faculty known as "second sight", to which one adds telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and other similar terms. Mrs. Garrett has subjected herself to all manner of experiments, both here and abroad, and scientists who cannot always explain her extraordinary faculties do not hesitate to admit their successful operation. Into this book she has set down as much of her life "as I believe necessary to an understanding of the origin and functioning of supernormal perception. Nothing that I feel to be pertinent to that understanding has been withheld; nothing not to the point wilfully revealed." By any standards, this testament is an extraordinary document which richly merits the careful reading of everyone interested in the subject of physic phenomena.

THERE IS A PSYCHIC WORLD, By Horace Westwood. Crown Publishers, New York. 206 pages, $3.00. A record of spiritistic phenomena observed by the author, both in his own home and elsewhere. Like most such records, this book contains accounts which are not ordinarily explicable in scientific terms —seances, supernatural manifestations, and the like. And, like all such books, this one is of undeniable interest for the challenge it offers to the blase matrialist. Dr. Westwood has been objective in his study, which is introduced by John Haynes Holmes, who commends it "unreservedly to others."

ARTHUR MACHEN: WEAVER OF FANTASY, by William Francis Gekle. Round Table Press, Millbrook, New York. 219 pages, $5.00 This biographical and bibliographical study of one of the greatest masters of the supernatural in

English literature is timely and stands quite alone, for no other full-length study is available. Mr. Gekle, an ardent admirer of the late Arthur Machen and his work, has written what is obviously a labor of love in this fine study, which examines Machen's life and work in its possible relation to posterity, and concludes with an almost comprehensive bibliography. There are illustrations, as well and there is a guide to other writings about Machen. No lover of Machen and his distinguished work will want to be without this appreciative study.

HONEY FOR THE GHOST, by Louis Golding. Dial Press, New York. 388 pages, $3.00. A superb novel of witchcraft in the Scottish Highlands. The setting is contemporary, the principal character a Londoner, Jim Gunning, who takes flight from the East End to Largan nah Charochain, and is employed by the mysterious old Miss Lemuel, whose reputation as a witch is not alone gossip. How Gumming is possessed by the revenant of Edward Tourneur, the old lady's nephew, a war casualty, and how that possession aroused conflict in the Highlands until Jim's wife came up from London to win him back from that tenuous borderline of madness and supernatural terror makes one of the finest novels in the genre. Mr. Golding's is excellent craftsmanship, and *Honey for the Ghost* is beyond question a tour-de-force in the macabre which has few peers.

JOHN CARSTAIRS: SPACE DETECTIVE, by Frank Belknap Long. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York. $2.50. Lovers of swift-action sleuthing adventure in the spaceways will find this book their especial dish. The shy young botanist, unstable of temperament, who is John Carstairs is also the man of amazing imaginative genius who investigates the vastness of interplanetary space. As a space detective, Carstairs is almost unique but there have been one or two predecessors in the field, even before C. L. Moore's Northwest Smith. Nevertheless, Frank Belknap Long's saga of John Carstairs is likely to be one of the most popular science-fiction books of the year.

THE CREAKING STAIR, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Coward McCann, New York. 110 pages, $5.00. A beautifully designed (by W. A. Dwiggins) book of verses, fifty of them, by a competent poet describing the moods of night and ghosts, madness and fear. Subtle, musical, charming, frightening, char-

acterized by a kind of eerie unearthliness, these poems are singularly attractive to the connoisseur of the supernatural, and the book itself is a thing of beauty, however high its price.

EARTH ABIDES, by George R. Stewart. Random House, New York. 373 pages, $3.00 The last man gambit once again, familiar to fantasy lovers in M. P. Shiel's *The Purple Cloud*, but here done superbly well in a novel which is first and foremost a novel of character. Ish Williams and his companion survivors of the disease which virtually wipes out the human race are very real people and each in his own way faces the problem of living in a world in which even the great machines must at last die. Mr. Stewart leaves his readers to believe that civilization will eventually be born anew, that it will proced from the family to the tribal unit, that taboos, laws, and patterns of social living must eventually grow anew. A simply told, strightforward story, Mr. Stewart's novel, we submit, is the kind of science-fiction novel which is far more apt to last than the boy-meets-girl romance of the spaceways. Certainly it is the best science-fiction novel of the year, and, we suspect, one of the best of the decade.

THE HOMUNCULUS, by David H. Keller. Prime Press, Philadelphia. 160 pages, $3.00. This little book, however inconsequential it may seem, is nevertheless a delightful fantasy-satire concerning Col. Bumble's efforts to produce, after a formula by Paracelsus, a parthenogenic baby. The resultant furore following announcement of the Colonel's patent on his Paracelsian process affords Dr. Keller a good canvas for various satiric judgments on the foibles of contemporary man and his society. *The Homunculus* suffers from what would appear to be hasty proof reading or editing, but, while it may not be one of Dr. Keller's most important books, it is good for an hour of rather unusual and provocative entertainment.

THE LAST SPACE SHIP, by Murray Leinster. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York. 239 pages, $2.50. A well-written space opus about Kim Rendall's escape by means of a museum-piece spaceship from dictator-ridden Alphin III. With him goes his sweetheart, so that they may very sensibly plan to start a new race on some distant planet or asteroid. Like all Leinster tales, a good story, however conventional in essence.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME, by J. W. Dunne. The Macmillan Company, New York. 254 pages, $1.75. A third, revised edition of Dunne's famed theory of serialism of tim, including some 80 pages of new matter, and the addition of another appendix. A classic in the field ,of which Sir John Squires wrote, "I never yet met a person who read this book who was not impressed by it." A must in every library.

THE INCREDIBLE PLANET, by John W. Campbell, Jr., Fantasy Press, Reading, Pa. 344 pages, $3.00. One of Editor Campbell's hitherto unpublished novels. Aarn Munro, Russ Spencer, Don Carlisle are lost in their spaceship somewhere in space, perhaps in another galaxy, faced with having to find a planet with inhabitants sufficiently older than the stars, become involved in planetary warfare, and so on. All this makes a rousing good story, which, says its author, is "not literature, has no social significance, but is just good fun." Better than average science-fiction fare, which will entertain the general reader as well. Recommended.

THE STAR KINGS, by Edmond Hamilton. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York. 262 pages, $2.50. A typical science-fiction novel of the future. Adventure-romance on an almost Graustark pattern involves John Gordon of today in the star-kingdoms of two thousand centuries hence. The novel is by one of the most popular of science-fiction writers, who has more than 250 stories to his credit. *The Star Kings* is the fifth in Fell's Science-Fiction Library.

THE FOX WOMAN AND OTHER STORIES, by A. Merritt. Avon Publishing Company, New York. 157 pages, $.25. The only complete collection of the short stories of this popular author contains, in addition to the title story, *The People of the Pit, The Drone, The Last Poet and the Robots, Three Lines of Old French, The White Road, When Old Gods Wake,* and *The Women of the Wood.* By all means.

BOOKS TO WATCH FOR

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, Edited by Henry Goodman. Introduction by Malcolm Cowley. (Citadel Press)

GALLERY OF GHOSTS, by James Reynolds. (Creative Age Press)

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS, by William Oliver Stevens. (Dodd, Mead & Company)

WHAT MAD UNIVERSE? by Fredric Brown. (E P. Dutton & Company)

MEN AGAINST THE STARS, Edited by Martin Greenberg. (The Gnome Press)

FROM OFF THIS WORLD, Edited by Leo Margulies and Oscar J. Friend. (Merlin Press)

MY BEST SCIENCE-FICTION STORY, Edited by Leo Margulies and Oscar J. Friend. (Merlin Press)

THE ATLANTIS MYTH, by H. S. Bellamy. (Transatlantic Arts)

THE NOTCHED HAIRPIN, by H. F. Heard. (Vanguard Press)

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, by Ray Bradbury. (Doubleday & Company)

FROST AND FIRE, by Ray Bradbury. (Doubleday & Company)

BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, Science-Fiction from Its Beginnings to the Present, Edited by August Derleth. (Pellegrini & Cudahy)

THE ABOMINATIONS OF YONDO, by Clark Ashton Smith. (Arkham House)

AWAY AND BEYOND, by A. E. Van Vogt. (Arkham House)

THE PURCELL PAPERS, by J. Sheridan LeFanu. (Arkham House)

A GUIDE TO IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE, by Everett F. Bleiler. (Shasta)

EDITORIAL COMMENTARY

Vale

With this issue of *The Arkham Sampler* we come to the end of an experiment in publishing. We inaugurated this magazine in order to discover whether there existed an audience large enough to warrant publishing a distinctly literary magazine in the field of the fantastic — a thousand subscribers at $1.00 the copy, or two and a half thousand at $.50 the copy; despite reaching our goal with Volume One, we were forced to the reluctant conclusion that there is not enough genuine literary interest in the genre of fantasy throughout its entire range, from the merely whimsical to science-fiction, to justify the time and money spent to bring out *The Arkham Sampler.*

We have now published eight issues, and this final issue is somewhat larger than the customary 100-page magazine, because of the need of getting into it much accumulated material. Even so, we have had to omit Robert Bloch's interesting story, *Satan's Servants,* with its notes and suggestions for revision by H. P. Lovecraft though announced for this issue; since this story is available in *Something About Cats and Other Pieces,* it seemed unnecessary to use it also in these already crowded pages. In the eight issues we have published we have published the work of a great many writers in fantasy—Ray Bradbury, H. P. Lovecraft, Jules Verne, David H. Keller, H. Russell Wakefield, Stephen Grendon, A. E. Van Vogt, Clark Ashton Smith, Leah Bodine Drake, Edward Wagenknecht, Vincent Starrett, Lewis Holberg, Everett F. Bleiler, Robert Bloch, Malcolm Ferguson, Fritz Leiber, Jr., John Beynon Harris, P. Schuyler Miller, C. M. Eddy, Jr., Lord Dunsany, Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Peter Viereck, J. A. Mitchell, Theodore Sturgeon, Donald Wandrei, Lewis Padgett, Carl Jacobi, and others. And, contrary to our original intentions, the majority of the work in our pages has been new and not reprint.

For the convenience of subscribers, we have appended to this issue an index of material in *The Arkham Sampler,* listing contributions by author and title. We are reluctant to bid our readers farewell, but we have no alternative; the pressure of our own work makes continuation of *The Arkham Sampler* inadvisable, and the suggestion that we supplant our quarterly with an annual issue has not as yet been decided upon. If it is decided in the affirmative, our readers will be notified in ample time.

New Magazines in the Field

The glut of science-fiction books continues apace, and, what with more first-line publishers entering the field, able to bring out titles at somewhat less cost than those of us who are forced to publish in small editions only, it seems to us only a matter of time before the necessarily higher selectivity of the book-buyers in fantasy will have brought about a decline in the number of books published. Critics may say what they like about the weakness of some of the adventure stories disguised as science-fiction which the amateur or little-known publishers have brought out; the entries offered by many first-line publishers are thus far not conspicuously superior.

At the same time, two new magazines have been brought out. Both sell at 35c the copy. One, *Other Worlds Science Stories*, edited by Robert N. Webster out of Chicago, is a bi-monthly, its first issue dated November 1949. Its contents—stories by Richard S. Shaver, G. H. Irwin, Craig Browning, Rog Phillips, and John Wiley — clearly suggest that its principal model has been *Amazing Stories*, and it classifies similarly, offering no startling competition to *Astounding Science-Fiction*, *Planet Stories*, or *Thrilling Wonder Stories*.

The second is *The Magazine of Fantasy*, edited by Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas, and published by Lawrence Spivak out of New York, is a quarterly. Its format is similar to that of the popular *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, and editorial policy includes reprints as well as new work. The first issue, launched October 6th at a dinner in New York on the 100th anniversary of the death of Edgar Allan Poe, contains stories by Cleve Cartmill, Perceval Landon, Philip MacDonald, Fitz-James O'Brien, Theodore Sturgeon, H. H. Holmes, Guy Endore, Stuart Palmer, Oliver Onions, Richard Sale, and Winona McClintic. The editorial is over the signature of Lawrence Spivak. It is hoped that the magazine, which has got off to a good start, will do for the fantasy field what *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* has done for the mystery story. "We hold that science-fiction is a branch of fantasy," the editors write. "We will have *no* formula whatsoever. The magazine is open to every kind of work, providing that it is well done and well written." We wish both magazines every success.

Contributors

H. Russell Wakefield, who lives in London where he writes radio dramas for the BBC, and from time to time turns his hand to new short stories of the supernatural, will have a new book, *Strayers from Sheol,* from Arkham House some time in the future. . . . . Clark Ashton Smith's fourth collection of short stories, *The Abominations of Yondo,* will be published next year by Arkham House. Mr. Smith is still at work preparing a definitive edition of his *Selected Poems* for Arkham House publication. . . . . Anthony Boucher, equally well-known as H. H. Holmes, is widely known as the author of a group of better-than-average whodunits, as a reviewer for *The New York Times,* the *Chicago* Sun-Times, *Ellery Queen's* Mystery Magazine, *and others, and* as an editor of the new Spivak publication, The Magazine of Fantasy. He lives in Berkeley, California.

Ray Bradbury's next book will be *The Martian Chroncicles,* which Doubleday & Company will publish early in 1950. This book will be followed by *Frost and Fire,* also from the same publishers. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradbury keeps on adding to his impressive roster of markets with his excellent fiction, by no means limited to the genre of the fantastic, for his work has appeared in *Collier's, The American Mercury, Charm, Mademoiselle, Harper's,* and other similar magazines. . . . .Lewis Holberg was one of the most successful of early writers in that branch of fantasy known as "science-fiction" in a century when that label was unknown.

Martin Gardner is a young New York writer whose work has appeared in many magazines, among them *Comment, Esquire,* and the science-fiction magazines. One of his stories, Thang, is includedd in *The Best Science-Fiction Stories* 1949 . . . . Thomas Henry Carter is a young Virginia poet who is also the publisher of Spearhead, a little magazine in the field of fantasy, ... Stephen Grendon's first collection of stories, *Mr. George and Other Odd Persons,* will appear sometime in the future from Arkham House. *The Song of the Pewee* is an outgrowth of his amazement at the pother often raised by so-called science-fiction fans.

Malcolm Ferguson is the proprietor of the Brookfield Bookshop, of Sanbornville, New Hampshire. He contributes unusual stories and articles to *Weird Tales, Yankee,* and other magazines. . . . . Leah Bodine Drake's first collection of poems, *A Hornbook for Witches,* will be a 1950 publication of Arkham House.

She is cinema critic of an Indiana newspaper, and her poetry is widely published, ranging from *Weird Tales* to *Kaleidograph* and a host of other poetry magazines. . . . . Robert Bloch's first collection of short stories, *The Opener of the Way,* is now out of print and becoming a collector's item. His second, *Pleasant* Dreams, is in progress for publication by Arkham House. Mr. Bloch continues to work for the Gustav Marx Advertising Agency of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

John Haley is a Midwesterner who is a professional reviewer of books in all fields, but his special interest is fantasy. . . . . August Derleth's next book will be his third anthology of science-fiction, *Beyond Time and Spaces Science Fiction from its Beginning to the Present,* which Pellegrini & Cudahy will publish in the spring. This book, his 57th, will be followed by a new historical novel of early Wisconsin, *Westryn Wind.* He has also recently completed a book-length manuscript of amatory verse under the title of *Psyche.* . . . . . Everett Bleiler, co-editor of *The Best Science-Fiction Stories* 1949, will have an even more important title off press in a few months when Shasta Publishers will bring out his *Guide to Imaginative Literature.*

Fritz Leiber, Jr., will have his first novel published in 1950, when *Gather, Darkness!* appears. At this writing it is not yet certain whether Arkham House or Pellegrini & Cudahy will publish this fine science-fiction title, but appearances indicate that Arkham House will relinquish rights to Pellegrini & Cudahy. Mr. Leiber continues as associate editor of *Science Digest*. . . . . Frank Belknap Long's first collection, *The Hounds of Tindalos,* will soon be out of print; his second, *The Rim of the Unknown,* is scheduled for publication by Arkham House. Meanwhile, Fell has brought out his interplanetary sleuth stories, *John Carstairs Space Detective.* Mr. Long lives and works in New York.

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Arkham House

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